

# Iter Boreale,

With large Additions of several other

## P O E M S

BEING



AN EXACT COLLECTION  
of all hitherto Extant.

Never before Published together.

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The Author *R. Wild*, D. D.

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L O N D O N,

Printed for *John Williams*, in Cross-Keys-Court in  
Little Britain, 1670.

POEMS

BEING

AN EXACT COLLECTION

of all his late Poems.

Newly from the Author's Manuscripts.

The Author, R. W. M. D.

LONDON

Printed for J. W. M. D. in the Strand, at the Sign of the Crown.



## Iter Boreale.

Attempting something upon the Successful and Matchless March of the  
LORD GENERAL

George Monck

From SCOTLAND to LONDON,  
in the Winter, 1659.

### I.

**T**He day is broke? *Melpomene*, be gone;  
Hag of my Fancy, let me now alone:  
Night-mare my Soul no more: Go take thy flight  
Where Traitors Ghosts keep an eternal night;  
Flee to mount *Caucasus*, and bear thy part  
With the black fowl that tears *Prometheus* heart  
For his bold Sacriledg: Go fetch the groans  
Of defunct Tyrants, With them croke thy Tones;

Go see *Alecto* with her flaming whip,  
 How she firs *No!*, and makes old *Bradshaw* skip:  
 Go make thy self away,-- thou shalt no more  
 Choak up my *Standish* with the blood and gore  
 Of *English* Tragedies: I now will chuse  
 The merriest of the nine to be my Muse:  
 And come what will, I'll scribble once again;  
 The brutish Sword hath cut the nobler Vein  
 Of racy Poetry. Our small drink-times  
 Must be contented, and take up with Rhimes.  
 They'r sorry toys from a poor Levites pack,  
 Whose Living and Assesments drink no Sack.  
 The Subject will excuse the Verse (I trow)  
 The Ven'lon's fat, although the Crust be Dough.

---

**I** He who whileom sa e and sung in Cage  
 My Kings and Countries Ruins by the rage  
 Of a Rebellious Rout; who weeping saw  
 Three goodly Kingdoms (drunk with fury) draw  
 And sheath their Swords (like three intraged bro-  
 In one anothers sides, ripping their Mothers (thers)  
 Belly, and tearing out her bleeding heart;  
 Then jealous that their Father fain would part  
 Their bloody fray, and let them fight no more,  
 Fell foul on him, and slew him at his door.  
 I that have only dar'd to whisper Verses,  
 And drop a tear (by stealth) on loyal Hearses;



I that enraged at the *times* and *Rump*,  
 Had gnaw'd my Goose quill to the very stump  
 And flung that in the Fire, no more to write,  
 But to sit down poor *Britains* *Heracleis*,  
 Now sing the triumphs of the Men of War,  
 The glorious Rayes of the bright Northern Star,  
 Created for the nonce by Heaven to bring  
 The wise Men of three Nations to their King:  
*MONCK!* the great *Monck!* that syllable out-  
*Plantagenet's* bright Name or *Constantine's*, [shines  
 'Twas at his Rising that *Our* day begun,  
 Be he the *Morning Star* to *CHARLES* our *Sun*.  
 He took Rebellion rampant by the throat,  
 And made the Canting *Quaker* change his Note;  
 His hand it was that wrote, (we saw no more)  
*Exit Tyrannus* over *Lamberts* dore.

Like to some subtle Lightning, so his Words  
 Dissolved in their Scabbards Rebels Swords.  
 He with success the *Sovereign* skill hath found  
 To dress the weapon, and to cure the wound.  
*George*, and his Boyes (as Spirits do, they say)  
 Only by walking scare our Foes away.

---

 III.

O *Ld Holofernes* was no sooner laid,  
 Before that Idols Funeral Pomp was paid,

Nor shall a penny ere be paid for me ;  
 Let fools that trusted his true mourners be. )  
*Richard* the Fourth, just peeping out of Squire,  
 No fault so much, as th'old one was his Sire ;  
 For Men believ'd, though all went in his Name,  
 Hee'd be but Tenant till the Landlord came :  
 When on a sudden ( all amaz'd ) we found  
 The seven years *Babel* tumbled to the ground ;  
 And he poor heart, ( thanks to his cunning Kin )  
 Was soon in *Querpo* honest *Dick* agen.  
*Exit Protector.* — What comes next ? I trow,  
 Let the State-Huntsmen beat again. --- So ho,  
 Cries *Lambers*, Master of the Hounds, Here sits  
 That lusty Puls, *The good Old cause*, --- whose wits  
 Shew'd *Oliver* such sport ; That, that ( cries *Vans* )  
 Lets put her up, and run her once again :  
 She'll lead our Dogs and Followers up and down,  
 Whilst we watch Families, and take the Crown.  
 Enter th'old Members: 'twas the Month of *May*  
 These Maggots in the *Rump* began to play :  
*Wallingford* Anglers (though they stunk) yet thought  
 They would make bars, by which Fish might be  
 And so it prov'd, they soon by taxes made ( caught  
 more money than the *Holland* Fishing Trade.

## I V.

**N**OW broke in *Egypt's* Plagues ( all in a day )  
 And one more worse than theirs, --- We must  
 not pray To

To be deliver'd ; --- Their scab'd folks were free  
 To scratch where it did itch ; --- So might not we,  
 That Meteor *Cromwell*, though he scar'd, gave light ;  
 But we were now cover'd with horrid night :  
 Our Magistracy was ( like *Moses Rod* )  
 Turn'd to a Serpent by the angry God.  
 Poor Citizens, when Trading would not do,  
 Made brick without straw, and were basted too ;  
 Struck with the botch of Taxes and Excise ;  
 Servants ( *Our very dust* ) were turn'd to Lice?  
 It was but turning Souldiers, and they need  
 Not work at all, but on their Masters feed.  
 Strange Caterpillars eat our pleasant things ;  
 And Frogs croakt in the Chambers of our Kings :  
 Black bloody veines did in the *Rump* prevail,  
 Like the Philistins Emrods in the Tayle.  
 Lightning, Hail, Fire, and Thunder *Egypt* had,  
 And *England* Guns, Shot, Powder, ( thats as bad. )  
 And that Sea-Monster *Lanfon* ( if withstood )  
 Threatned to turn our Rivers into Blood. [ fell  
 And ( Plague of all these Plagues ) all these Plagues  
 Not on an *Egypt*, but our *Israel*.

## V.

Sick ( as her heart can hold ) the Nation lies,  
 Filling each corner with her hideous cries :  
 Sometimes Rage ( like a burning Fever ) heats,  
 Anon Despair brings cold and clammy sweats ;

She

She cannot sleep : or if she doth she dreams  
 Of Rapes, Thefts, Burnings, Blood, and direful  
 Tosses from side to side, then by and by [ theams;  
 Her feet are laid there where the head did lie :  
 None can come to her but bold Empericks,  
 Who never meant to cure her but try tricks :  
 Those very *Dollors* who should give her ease,  
 God help the *Patient*, was her worst disease.  
 Th'*Italian* Mountebank *Vane* tells her sure  
 Jesuits Powder will effect the Cure.  
 If grief but makes her swell, *Martin* and *Nevil*  
 Conclude it is a spice of the Kings Evil.  
 Bleed her again, another cries ? --- And *Scot*  
 S<sup>ay</sup> he could cure her, if't was---you know what:  
 But giddy *Harrington* a whimsey found,  
 To make her head, like to his brains, run round.  
 Her old and wise Physicians, who before  
 Had well nigh cur'd her, came again to th' dore,  
 But were kept out, which made her cry the more,  
 Help, help, dear children, Oh ; some pity take  
 On her who bore you ! help for mercy sake !  
 Oh heart ! Oh head ! Oh back ! Oh bones ! I feel  
 They've poyson'd me with giving too much steel.  
 O' give me that for which I long and cry !  
 Something that's *Soveraign*, or else I d. c.

Kind

(stood

**K**ind *Chester* heard ;--- And like some son that  
 Upon the Bank, straight jump'd into the flood,  
 Flings out his arms and strikes some strokes to swim  
*Booth* ventur'd first, and *Middleton*, with him ;  
 Stout *Macworth*, *Egerton*, and thousands more,  
 Threw themselves in, and left the safer shore ;  
*Massey* (that famous Diver) and bold *Brown*  
 Forsook his Wharf,---resolving all to drown,  
 Or save a sinking Kingdom :--- But O sad !  
 Fearing to lose her prey, the Sea grew mad,  
 Rais'd all her billows, and resolv'd her Waves,  
 Should quickly be the bold Adventurers Graves,  
 Out Marches *Lambert*, like an Eastern Wind,  
 And with him all the mighty Waters joyn'd.  
 The Loyal Swimmers bore up heads and breasts,  
 Scorning to think of Life or Interests ;  
 They ply'd their Arms and Thighs, but all in vain,  
 The furious main beat them to shore again ;  
 At which the floating Island (looking back,  
 Spying her Loyal Lovers gone to wrack)  
 Shriekt louder than before,—and thus she cries,  
 “ Can you be angry heavens, and frowning skies,  
 “ Thus countenance rebellious Mutineers,  
 “ Who, if they durst, would be about your ears ?  
 “ That I should sin, with Justice may accord,  
 “ Who let my Pilot be thrown over-board ;  
 “ Yet

"Yet 'twas not I (ye righteous Heavens do know)

"The Soldiers in me needs would have it so?"

"And those who conjured up these storms themselves, (Shelver

"And first engag'd me 'mongst these Rocks and

"Guilty of all my wo, have rais'd this weather,

"Fearing to come to Land, and chusing rather

"To sink me with themselves, -- O cease to frown

"In tears (just Heavens!) behold! my self I drown:

"Let not these proud waves do't: Prevent my

"And let them fall together by the ears. (fears,

## VIL.

Heav'n heard, and struck th'insulking Army mad  
Drunk with their *Cheeshire* Triumphs, straight  
they had

New Lights appear'd, and new Resolves they take,  
A Single Person once again to make.

Who shall be he? Oh! *Lambert*, without rub,  
The fittest Devil to be *Belzebub*.

He, the fierce Fiend, cast out o'th House before,  
Return'd, and threw the House now out of door:

A Legion then he rais'd of Armed Sprights,  
Elves, Goblins, Fairies, Quakers, and new lights,  
To be his under Devils, with the rest

**He Soul and Body (Church and State) posselt:**

Who tho they fill'd all Countries, Towns, and Rooms

**Yet (like that Fiend that did frequent the Tombs)**

## Churches

Churches, and Sacred Grounds they haunted most,  
 No Chappel was at ease from some such Ghost.  
 The Priest ordain'd to exercise those Elves,  
 Were voted Devils, and cast out themselves,  
 Bible, or Alchoran, all's one to them,  
 Religion serves but for a stratagem :

The holy Charms these Adders did not heed,  
 Churches themselves did Sanctuary need.

## VIII.

THE Churches Patrimony and rich Store,  
 Alas ! was swallow'd many years before:  
*Bishops and Deans* we fed upon before,  
 They were the *Ribs* and *Surloyns* of the Whore:  
 Now let her *Legs* (the *Priests* go to the Pot,  
 (They have the Popes eye in them) spare them not  
 We have fat benefices yet to eat,  
 (Bell, and our *Dragon Army* must have meat :)  
 Let us devour her Limb-meal, great and small,  
 Tythe Calves, Geese, Pigs, and Petitoes and all:  
 A Vicaridge in Sippets, though it be  
 But small, will serve a squeamish Sectary,  
 Though Universities we cant endure,  
 There's no false Latin in their Lands (be sure.)  
 Give *Oxford* to our Horse, and let the Foot  
 Take *Cambridge* for their booty, and fall ton't.  
*Christ Church* I'll have (cries *Vane*; *Disbrow* swops,  
 At *Trinity*; *Kings* is for *Berry's* chops :

Kilsey

*Kelsey*, take *Corpus Christi*; *All-Souls*, *Packer*;  
*Grave Creed*, *St. Johns*; *New Colledge* leave to *Hacker*;  
*Fleetwood* cries, *weeping Mandlin* shall be mine,  
 Her tears I'll drink instead of *Muscadine*:  
 The smaller *Halls* and *Houses* scarce are big  
 Enough to make one Dish for *Hastig*;  
 We must be sure to stop his mouth though wide,  
 Else all our Fat will be i'th fire (they cry'd:)  
 And when we have done these, we'll not be quiet,  
 Lordships and Landlords Rents shall be our diet.  
 Thus talk'd this jolly crew, but still mine Host  
*Lambert* resolves that he will rule the Rost.

---

## I X.

**B**Ut hark methinks I hear old *Boreas* blow: (for  
 What mean the North-winds that they bluster  
 More storms from that black nook? Forbear (bold  
 Let no *Dunbar* and *Worster* be forgot: (Scot:)  
 What? would you chaffer w'us for one *Charles* more?  
 The Price of Kings is faln, give the Trade o're.  
 And is the price of Kings and Kingdoms too,  
 Of Laws, lives, oaths, souls, grown so low with you?  
 Perfidious Hypocrites! Monsters of men!  
 (Cries the good *Monck*) we'll raise their price agen.  
 Heaven said *Amen*, and breath'd upon that Spark:  
 That Spark (preserv'd alive i' h cold and dark)  
 First kindled and enflam'd the *British* Isle,  
 And turn'd it all to Bonfires in a while:



He and his fuel was so small, no doubt,  
 Proud *Lambert* thought to tread or piss them out.  
 But *George* was wary ;-- His cause did require  
 A Pillar of a Cloud as well as Fire :  
 'Twas not his safest course to flame, but smok ;  
 His Enemies he will not burn but choak ;  
 Small fires must not blaze out, lest by their light  
 They shew their weakness, and their foes invite :  
 But Furnaces the stoutest Metals melt,  
 (And so did he) by fire not seen, but felt ;  
 Dark-lantron Language, and his peep by play,  
*Will-E-Wispt Lamberts* new Lights out o'th way.  
*George* and his boys, those thousands ( O strange thing )  
 Of *Snipes* and *woodcocks* took by Lowbelling.  
 His few *Scotch-Coal* kindled with *English* Fire  
 Made *Lamberts* great *Newcastle* heaps expire.

---

## X.

*Scotland* (though poor and peevish) was content  
 To keep the Peace, and ( O rare ! ) money lent.  
 But yet the blessing of their Kirk was more ;  
*George* had that too, and with this slender store  
 He and his Myrmidons advance :--- Kind Heaven  
 Prepar'd a Frost to make their March more even  
 Easie and safe ; it may be said, that year  
 Of th' High-ways Heaven itself was Overseer.  
 And made *November* ground as hard as *May* :  
 White as their Innocence, so was the way :

The

The Clouds came down in Feather-beds, to greet  
 Him and his Army, and to kiss their feet.  
 The frost and foes both came and went together,  
 Both thaw'd away, and vanish'd God knows whither  
 Whole Countries crowded in to see this friend,  
 Ready to cast their bodies down to mend  
 His road to *Westminster*; and still they shout,  
 Lay hold of th' *Rump*, and pull the *Monster* out;  
 A new one, or a whole one (*Good my Lord*)  
 And to this cry the Island did accord,  
     The Eccho of the *Irish* hollow ground  
     Heard *England*, and her language did rebound.

---

## XI.

**P**resto-*Jack Lambert*, and his Sprights are gone  
 To Dance a Jig with's brother *Oberon*;  
*George* made him, and his Cut-throats of our lives,  
 Swallow their Swords, as Jugglers do their Knives  
 And Carter *Disborough* to with in vain,  
 He now were Wagoner to *Charles* his Wain.  
 The Conqueror is now come into th' South,  
 Whose warm air is made hot by every mouth;  
 Breathing his welcome, and in spite of *Scot*,  
 Crying -- *The whole Child* (Sir divide it not:  
 The *Rump* begins to stink; Alas! (cry they)  
 We have rais'd a Devil which we cannot lay,  
 I like him not--- His Belly is so big,  
 There's a King in't cries furious *Hastirig*,

Let's bribe him (they cry'd all) Carve him a share  
 Of our stoln Venison,--- Varlets forbear,  
 In vain you put your Lime twigs to his hands,  
 George Monck *is for the King, not for his Lands.*  
 When fair means would not do, next foul they try,  
 Vote him the City Scavenger, (they cry)  
 Send him to scowr the Streets.---Well, let it be;  
 Your Rumpship wants a scowring too, (thinks he)  
 That foul house where your Worthships many year  
 Have laid your Tail, sure wants a Scavenger:  
 I smell your Fizzle, though it make no Crack,  
 You'd mount me on the Cities galled Back,  
 In hope she'l cast her Rider: if I must  
 Upon some Office in the Town be thrust,  
 I'll be their Sword-bearer,---and to their Dagger  
 I'll joyn my Sword: ---Nay (*good Rump*) do not  
 The City feasts me, and (as sure as Gun) (*swagger*)  
 I'll mend all *Englands* Commons e're I've done.

---

## XII.

**A**Nd so he did: One Morning next his heart  
 He goes to *Westminster*, and play'd his part:  
 He vamp'd their Boots (which *Henson* ne'r could do)  
 With better Leather, made them g'upright too.  
 The restor'd Members (*Care*. like no doubt)  
 Did only enter that they might go out;  
 They did not mean within those walls to dwell,  
 Nor did they like their company so well:

Yet Heav'n so blest them, that in three weeks space  
 They gave both Church and State a better face ;  
 They gave *Booth, Massy, Brown*, some kinder lots ;  
 The last years Traytors, this years Patriots :  
 The Churches poor remainder they made good,  
 And wash'd the Nations hands, of Royal Blood ;  
 And that a Parliament (they did devise)  
 From its own ashes (*Phoenix* like) might rise ;  
 This done, by *Act and Deed* that might not fail,  
 They past a Fine, and so cut off *th' Entail*.

## XIII.

**L** Et the Bells ring these Changes now from *Bow*  
 Down to the Country Candlesticks below ;  
*Ringers*, hands off ; The Bells themselves will dance  
 In memory of their own deliverance.  
 Had not *George* shew'd his Metal, and said Nay,  
 Each Sectary had born the Bell away : — (Crew)  
 Down with them all, they'r Christned (cry'd that  
 Tye up their Clappers, and the Persons too ;  
 Turn them to Guns, or sell them to the *Dutch*.  
 Nay, hold, (quoth *George*) my Masters thats too  
 You will not leap o'r Steeples thus I hope, (much  
 Ple save the Bells, but you may take the Rope.  
 Thus lay *Religion* panting for her life,  
 Like *Isaac*, bound under the bloody Knife ;  
*George* held the killing Weapon, sav'd the Lamb :  
 Let *Lambert* (in the Briars) be the *Ram*.

So lay the Royal Virgin (as 'tis told)  
 When brave St. *George* redeem'd her life, of old.  
 Oh that the Knaves that have consum'd our Land,  
 Had but permitted Wood enough to stand  
 To be his Bonfires: --- Wee'd burn every stem,  
 And leave no more but Gallow-trees for them.

---

## XIV.

**M**Arch on, *Great Heroes!* as thou hast begun,  
 And crown our *Happiness* before th'ast done.  
 We have another *CHARLES* to fetch from *Spain*,  
 Be thou the *GEORGE* to bring him back again:  
 Then shalt thou be (what was deny'd that Knight)  
 Thy Princes, and the Peoples Favourite.  
 There is no dangers of the winds at all,  
 Unless together by the Ears they fall,  
 Who shall the honor have to waite a King:  
 And they who gain it, while they work shall sing.  
 Methinks I see how those Triumphant Gales,  
 Proud of the great Employment, swell the Sails:  
 The joyful Ship shall dance, the Sea shall laugh,  
 And loyal Fish their Masters health shall quaff:  
 See how the *Dolphins* crowd and thrust their large  
 And scaly shoulders, to assist the Barge;  
 The peacetul *Kingsfishers* are met together  
 About the Decks and Prophecie calm weather;  
 Poor Crabs and Lobsters are gone down to creep,  
 And search for Pearls and Jewels in the deep;

And when they have the booty---crawl before,  
And leave them for his welcome to the Shore.

---

## XV.

**M**Ethinks I see how throngs of people stand  
Scarce patient till the Vessel come to Land,  
Ready to leap in, and if need require,  
With tears of Joy, to make the waters higher.  
But what will *London* do? I doubt Old *Paul*  
With bowing to his Sovereign will fall:  
The Royal Lyons from the Tower shall roar,  
And though they see him not, yet shall adore:  
The Conduits shall be raviſht and combine  
To turn their very water into Wine:  
And for the Citizens, I only pray  
They may not over-joy'd all die that day;  
May we all live more loyal and more true,  
To give to *Cæſar* and to God their due.  
Wee'l make his Fathers Tomb with tears to swim,  
And for the Son, wee'l ſhed our blood for him:  
*England* her penitential Song ſhall ſing,  
And take heed how ſhe quarrels with her King.  
If for our ſins---our Prince ſhould be miſſed,  
Wee'l bite our Nails, rather than ſcratch our Head.

## XVI.

**O** Ne *English George* out-weighs alone (by odds)  
 A whole Committee of the Heathens Gods;  
 Pronounce but *Monck*, and (it is all his due)  
 He is our *Mercury*, *Mars*, and *Neptune* too.  
*Monck* (what great *Xerxes* could not) prov'd the  
 That with a word shackled the Ocean; (man  
 He shall command *Neptune* himself to bring  
 His Trident, and present it to our King.  
 Oh do it then, great Admiral:-- Away,  
 Let him be here against *St. Georges* day;  
 That *Charles* may wear his *Dieu Et Mon Droit*,  
 And thou the Noble Garter'd *Honi Soit*.  
 And when thy Aged Corps shall yield to Fate,  
 God save that Soul that sav'd our *Church* and *State*:  
 There thou shalt have a glorious Crown, I know  
 Who Crown'dst our King and Kingdoms here below.  
 But who shall find a Pen fit for thy Glory?  
 Or make Posterity believe thy Story?

Vive St. GEORGE.



THE  
TRAGEDY

OF

*Mr. Christopher Love.*

Late Minister of the Gospel;

Ased upon

TOWER-HILL

August 22. 1651.

*The Prologue.*

(come,  
NEW from a slaughter'd Monarchs Hearle I  
A Mourner to a Martyr'd Prophets Tomb:  
Pardon, great *Charles* his Ghost, my Muse had stood  
Yet three years longer, till sh' had wept a Flood;  
Too mean a Sacrifice for Royal Blood.

But



But she must go, Heav'n does by Thunder call  
 For her attendance at *LOVE's* Funeral:  
 Forgive, great Sir, this Sacrilege in me,  
 The tenth tear he must have, it is his Fee:  
 'Tis due to him, and yet 'tis stoln from thee.

*The Argument.*

'Twas when the raging Dog did rule the Skies,  
 And with his scorching Face did tyrannize,  
 When cruel *Cromwel*, Whelp of that mad Star,  
 But sure more fiery than this Sire by far,  
 Had dry'd the *Northern Fife*, and with his heat  
 Put frozen *Scotland* in a bloody sweat:  
 When he had conquer'd, and his furious Train  
 Had chas'd the North Bear, and pursu'd *Charles* Wain  
 Into the *English Orb*; then 'twas thy fate  
 (Sweet *LOVE*) to be a present from our State.  
 A greater Sacrifice there could not come,  
 Than a Divine, to bleed his welcome home.

For he, and *Herod* think no Dish so good,  
 As a *John Baptist's Head*, serv'd up in blood.

ACT. I.

The *Philistins* are set in their High Court,  
 And *Love*, like *Samson's* fetcht to make them sport:  
 Unto the 'take the smiling Prisoner's brought:  
 Not to be try'd, but bai ed most men thought:

Monsters, like Men, must worry him; and thus  
 He fights with Beasts, like *Paul* at *Ephesus*.  
*Adams, Far, Huntington*, with all the Pack  
 Of foisting Hounds, were set upon his back.  
*Prideaux* and *Keeble* stand and cry, Halloo;  
 'Twas a full Cry, and yet it would not do.  
 Oh how he foil'd them! Standers by did swear,  
 That he the Judge, and they the Traitors were:  
 For there he prov'd (although he seem'd a Lamb)  
 Stout, like a Lion, from whose Den he came.

## A&amp;. II.

It is decreed; nor shall thy worth, dear *Love*,  
 Resist their Vows, nor their revenge remove.  
 Though Pray'rs were joyn'd to Pray'rs, and tears to  
 No softness in their Rocky hearts appears: (tears,  
 Nor Heav'n nor Earth abate their fury can,  
 But they will have the head, thy head good man.  
 Sure some the Sectary longed, and in haste  
 Must try how *Presbyterian* blood did taste.  
 'Tis fit she have the best, and therefore thine,  
 Thine must be broach'd, blest Saint! 'tis Drink Di-  
 No sooner was the dreadful Sentence read, (vine.  
 The Prisoner straight bow'd his condemned head:  
 And by that humble posture told them all,  
 It was a head that did not fear a fall.

## A&amp; III.

And now I wish the fatal stroke were given;  
 I'm sure our Martyr longs to be in Heaven,  
 And Heav'n to have him there: one moments blow  
 Makes him triumphant; but here comes his wo,  
 His Enemies will grant a Months suspence,  
 (If't be but for the nonce to keep him thence:)  
 And that he may tread in his Saviours ways  
 He shall be tempted too, his Forty days:  
 And with such baits too, cast thy self but down.  
 Fall, and but worship, and your Life's your own.  
 Thus cry'd his Enemies; oh 'twas their pride,  
 To wound his body, and his Soul beside.  
 One Plot th'have more, when all their own do fail  
 If Devils can't, Disciples may prevail.  
 Lets tempt him by his Friends, make *Peter* cry,  
 Good Master, spare thy self, and do not die.  
 One Friend entreats, a second weeps, a third  
 Cries, your Petition wants the other word:  
 I'll write it for you, saith a fourth; your Life,  
 Your Life, Sir, cries a fifth, Pity your Wife,  
 And the Babe in her: Thus this Diamond's cut  
 By Diamonds only, and to terror put.  
 Methinks I hear him still, you wound my heart;  
 Good Friends, forbear; for every word's a Dart:  
 'Tis cruel pitty, thus I do profess,  
 You'd love me more, if you did love me less:

Friends,

Friends, Children, Wife, Life, all are dear, I know  
But all's too dear, if I should buy them so.

Thus like a Rock that routs the waves, he stands,  
And snaps a sunder, *Sampson*-like, these bands.

# ACT. IV.

The day is come, the Prisoner longs to go,  
And chides the ling'ring Sun for tarrying so:  
Which blushing seem'd to answer from the Sky,  
That it was loth to see a Martyr die.  
Methinks I heard beheaded Saints above  
Call to each other, Sirs, make room for *LOVE*.  
Who when he came to tread the fatal Stage,  
(Which prov'd his Glory, and his Enemies rage)  
His blood ne'r run't his heart, Christ's Blood was  
Reviving it, his own was all to spare: (there  
Which rising in his Cheeks, did seem to say,  
Is this the blood you thirst for? Tak'e, I pray.  
Spectators in his looks such life did see,  
That they appear'd more like to die than he.  
But oh his Speech! methinks I hear it still;  
It ravish'd Friends, and did his Enemies kill.  
His keener words did their sharp Axe exceed;  
That made his head, but he their hearts, to bleed:  
Which he concluded with soft Prayer, and so  
The Lamb lay down and took the Butchers blow:  
His Soul makes Heav'n shine brighter by a Star,  
And now we're sure ther's one Saint *Christopher*.

ACT.

## A&amp; V.

*LOVE* lies a bleeding, and the world shall see  
 Heav'n act a part in this black Tragedy.  
 The Sun no sooner spy'd the head o'th' floor,  
 But he pull'd in his own, and look'd no more.  
 The Clouds, which scattered, and in colours were,  
 Met altogether, and in black appear:  
 Light'nings, which fill'd the Air with blazing light,  
 Did serve for Torches at that dismal Night:  
 In which, and all next day, for many hours,  
 Heav'n groan'd in thunder, and did weep in Showrs.  
 Nor do I wonder, that God thundred so,  
 When's *Boanerges* murdred lay below: (*Keeble,*  
*The High Court trembled, Prideaux, Bradshaw,*  
*And all the guilty rout, look't pale and feeble,*  
*Timorous Jenkins, and cold-hearted Drake,*  
 Hold out, you need no base Petitions make:  
 Your Enemies thus Thunder-struck, no doubt,  
 Will be beholding to you to go out.  
 But if you will recant, now thundring Heaven  
 Such approbation to *Loves* cause hath given,  
 I'll add but this; Your Consciences perhaps,  
 Ere long shall feel far greater Thunder-claps.

*The Epilogue.*

But stay, my Muse grows fearful too, and must  
 Beg that these Lines be buried with thy Dust:  
 Shelter, bless'd *Love*, these verse within thy Shroud  
 For none but Heav'n dares take thy part aloud.  
 The Author begs this, lest, if it be known,  
 Whilst he bewails thy Head, he lose his own.

R. W.

UPON



U P O N

The much to be Lamented

D E A T H

O F T H E

Reverend Mr. *Vines*.

**A**Rt thou gone too (thou great and gallant mind)  
 And must such Sneaks as I be left behind?  
 If thus our Horsemen and Commanders die,  
 What can the Infantry do then but fly?  
 Oh Divine *Vines*! tell us, why wouldst thou go, 3  
 Unless thou couldst have left thy Parts below?  
 If ther's a *Metempsychosis* indeed,  
 Tell us where we may find thee at our need?  
 Who hath thy Memory? Thy Brain, thy Heart?  
 Whom didst thou leave thy tongue? (for ev'ry part  
 Of thee can make a man.) What if we find  
 (As i'll not swear this Age won' change her mind)  
*Prelacy* (though her Lands are sold) revive?  
 Or *Independency* (who hopes to thrive,

No

No where suits Trump ) should dare dispute  
length ?

Where hast thou left thy *Presbyterian* strength,  
With which thou got'st the Game in th' Isle of *Wight*,  
Where the King cry'd that *Vines* was in the right ?  
When *Essex* dyed (the honor of our Nation)

Thou gav'st him a new life in thy Oration.

But when great *Fairfax* to his Fate shal yield,  
Whom hast thou left---to fetch from *Naseby*-field  
Th' *Immortal Turf*, and dress it with a Story,

That shall perpetuate his name in glory ?

Wher's the rich Fancy (man ? ) To whom (beneath)

Didst thou thy lofty and high strain bequeath ?

Tell us for thy own sake, for none but he

That hath thy Wit, can write thy Elegy.

Till he be found, let this suffice, which I

Leave on thy Stone:---*Here lies the Ministry.*

R. W.

T O





TO THE  
**MEMORY**  
 OF

Mr. *Jeremy Whitaker.*

Powerful in Prayer and Preaching, Pious in  
 Life, Patient in Sickneſs, &c.

**N**ay, now forbear; for pitty ſake give o're  
 You that would make the Clergy none, or  
 We are made miſerable enough this year, (poor:  
 That we have loſt our Reverend *Whitaker*;  
 Loſs above Deans and Chapters! had but he  
 Liv'd ſtill and preach'd: *Ziſa* take all (for me.)  
 Nay I believe had ſacrilegious hands  
 Finger'd our poor remains of Tithes and Lands,  
 Whilſt he ſurviv'd they had but pray'd in vain,  
*Whitaker* would have pray'd them back again,

As *Luther* did a young mans Soul repeal ;  
 Given to the Devil under hand and Seal.  
 A Chariot and a Horseman we have lost,  
 In whose each single pray'r incamp'd an Host,  
 How have I heard him on some solemn day  
 (When doubtful war could make all *London* pray)  
 Mount up to Heav'n with armed cries and tears,  
 And rout, as far as *York*, the Cavaliers !  
 Have you not seen an early rising Lark  
 Spring from her Turf, making the Sun her mark,  
 Shooting her self aloft, yet higher, higher,  
 Till she had sung her self into Heav'n's Quire ?  
 Thus would he rise in pray'r, and in a trice  
 His Soul become a Bird of Paradise :  
 And if our faint Devotions Prayers be,  
 What can we call his less than Extasie ?

*On his Preaching.*

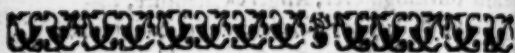
If with the Almighty he prevailed so,  
 Wonder not that he wonders wrought below :  
 The Son of Consolation and of Thunder  
 Met both in him, in others are asunder.  
 He was (like *Luke*) Physitian of both kinds,  
 Wrought Cures upon mens bodies and their minds,  
 The Falling sickness of Apostacy,  
 Dropsie of Drunkenness, Prides Tympany,  
 The Meagrim of Opinions, new or old,  
 Falsie of Unbelief, Charities cold,

Lust burning Fever, Angers Calenture;  
 The Collick in the Conscience he could cure:  
 Set the souls broken bones, by holy Art  
 He hath dissolv'd the Stone in many a heart,  
 Harder than that he dy'd of—O come in,  
 Yet multitudes whom he hath heal'd of sin,  
 And thereby made his Debtors—Pay him now  
 Some of those tears which he laid out for you;  
 Interest tears, I mean; for should you all  
 Weep over him both use and principal,  
 'Twould wash away the Stone (which covers him)  
 And make his Coffin (like an Ark) to swim:  
 Now wipe thine eyes (my Muse) and stop thy verse  
 (Thy Ink can only serve to black his Hearse,)  
 Yet (stay) I'll drop one tear, sigh one sigh more,  
 'Tis this, although my Poetry be poor,  
 O what a mighty Prophet should I be,  
 Had this *Elijah's* Mantle fall to me!  
 O might I live his Life! I'd be content  
 His sore Diseases too should me torment:  
 And if his Patience could mine become,  
 I would not be afraid of Martyrdom.

R. W.

C

UPON



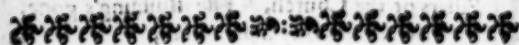
UPON THE  
**'D E A T H**  
 O F

So many Reverend Ministers of late.

**S**Till we do find, Black Cloth wears out the first;  
 And fruits that are the choicest keep the worst.  
 Such men? So many? And they die so fast?  
 They'r precious, death, oh do not make such waste.  
 Scarce have we dry'd our eyes for loss of one,  
 But in comes tidings that another's gone.  
 Oh that I had my former Tears agen,  
 (All but those few laid out upon my sin,)  
 Had I an *Helicon* in either eye,  
 I have occasion now to verse them dry.  
 Triumph (licentious Age) lift up thy Song,  
*Presbytery* shant trouble you ere long;  
 Those that tormented you before your day,  
 Are now apace removing out o'th' way.  
 Yea, rather tremble, *England*, stand agast,  
 To see thy glorious Lamps go out so fast;

When

When death, like *Sampson*, thus lays hold upon  
 The Pillars of the Church,—The Building's gone.  
 When we do see so many *Stats* to fall,  
 Surely it bodes the Worlds great Funeral.  
*London*, look too't and think what Heav'n is doing,  
 Thy Flames are coming when thy *Lots* are going.  
 Well may we all fear, God intendeth Wars,  
 When he commands home his Embassadors.  
 That venerable Synod, which of late  
 Was made the object of mens scorn and hate,  
 (For want of Copes and Mitres, not of Graces)  
 Are now call'd up (with *Moses*) and their Faces,  
 When they return, shall shine; God sees it fit,  
 Such an Assembly should in Glory sit.  
 The learned *Tasse* went first, (it was his right)  
 Then holy *Palmer*, *Borroughs*, *Love*, *Gouge*, *White*,  
*Hill*, *Whitaker*, grave *Gaskell*, and *Strong*,  
*Pern*, *Marshall*, *Robinson*, all gone along.  
 I have not nam'd them half: their only strife  
 Hath been (of late) who should first part with life.  
 Those few who yet survive, sick of this Age,  
 Long to have done their parts, and leave the Stage.  
 Our *English Luther*, *Vine*, (whose death I weep)  
 Stole away (and said nothing) in a sleep:  
 Sweet (like a Swan) he preach'd that day he went,  
 And for his Cordial took a Sacrament.  
 Had he but been suspected he would die,  
 His People sure had stop'd him with their Cry.  
 My blear-ey'd Muse (his tears have made her so)  
 Must wait his Varble too, before she go.



AN  
ELEGY  
UPON THE  
Earl of Essex  
HIS  
FUNERAL

And are these all the Rites that must be done,  
Thrice Noble *ESSEX*, *England's* Champion?  
Some Men, some Walls, some Horses put in Black  
With the Throng scrambling for Sweet-meats and  
A gaudy Herald, and a Velvet Hearse, (Sack;  
A tatter'd Anagram with grievous Verse,  
And a sad Sermon to conclude withal,  
Shall this be stil'd great *ESSEX's* Funeral?

Niggardly

Niggardly Nation, be asham'd of th' odds,  
 Less valour among Heathen made men Gods:  
 Should such a General have dy'd in *Rome*,  
 He must have had an Altar, not a Tomb;  
 And there, instead of youthful Elegies,  
 Grave Senators had offer'd Sacrifice  
 To Divine *Deux*: O for a Vote,  
 (Ye Lords and Commons, ye are bound to do't)  
 A Vote, that who is seen to smile this year,  
 A Vote, that who so brings not in a Tear,  
 Shall be adjudg'd malignant: It were wise  
 T' erect an Office in the Peoples eyes,  
 For issuing forth a constant sum of Tears,  
 There's no way else to pay him his Arrears:  
 And when w' have drain'd this Ages eyes quite dry,  
 Let him be wept the next in History;  
 Which if posterity shall dare to doubt,  
 Then *Glosters* wisp'ring Walls shall speak him out;  
 And so his Funeral shall not be done,  
 Till he return i'th' Resurrection,

---



*To the Father of a very vertuous Virgin, De-  
ceased; who desired an obscure Person to  
make an Elegy, &c.*

**S**Ir be advis'd; She's not your Daughter now,  
But a crown'd Saint in Heav'n's great Court, and  
Must take heed what you offer to her Shrine; (you  
You'l be profane, if that be not Divine.  
*Sternhold* (who kill'd the *Psalmes*, and *David* too  
In Meeter and good meaning) did not do  
More violence to Heav'n, than you to her,  
If, whil'st you think't a kindness; you should blur  
Her Honor with my Ink: 'tis a disgrace  
To set black Spots upon a glorious Face.  
Disdain will burst her Coffin (sure) to have  
Such dirty Feet as mine stand on her Grave.  
Besides, 'tis niggardly to weep in Verse,  
Tears without measure best become her Hearse.  
The talking Book is shallow; still we see  
Great sorrows, like deep Rivers, silent be.  
Were I *Apollo's* Priest indeed; and fit  
To send a Poem up in flames of Wit,



Yet I'me but one ; Sir, to her Altars due  
 Whole Hecatombs of Verse, and Poets too.  
 Go search *St. Paul's* Church-yard, imploy choice  
 To scan all Epitaphs and Elegies ; (eyes  
 All the rich Fancies, sacred Raptures, all  
 The Pearly drops which ever yet did fall  
 On spotless Virgins Tombs : then make your claim  
 Print and devote them to your Daughters name.  
 Those vast *Hyperboles*, those lofty Notes,  
 Which crackt the Muses Voices, rent their throats,  
 Offended scrup'lous Readers, made them think  
 Poetry only strong Lines, and strong Drink,  
 Allayed by her merit, soon will be  
 Reduc'd to sober Truth, and Modesty.  
 But stay, this counsel is but simple stuff,  
 (*Englands* Divine) *Reynolds* hath done enough :  
 His Sermon is her Monument in print,  
 And hath more honor than all Poems in't.  
 That doth not only speak her Saint, and more,  
 Can make him one too, who but reads i' o're.  
*Reynolds* records her Saint, and you may hope  
 That's more than canonizing by a Pope.



I N

## M E M O R Y

Of M<sup>rs.</sup> E. T.Who dyed *April 7. 1659.*

**I**T was the Spring, and Flowers were in contest,  
 Whose smells should first reach Heav'n, and please  
 it best ;

Then did *Eliza's* sweetness so surpass  
 All Rival Virgins, that she sent for was.

'Twas *April* when she dy'd ; no Month so fir,  
 For Heav'n to be a Mourner in, as it.

'Twas *Easter* too ; that time d d Death devise  
 Best for this Lamb to be a Sacrifice.

It was the Spring ; the way 'twixt Heaven and Earth  
 Was sweetned by her passage, by the Birth  
 Of early Flowers, which burst their Mothers Womb,  
 Resolv'd to live and die upon her Tomb.

It was the Spring ; between the Earth and Sky,  
 To please her Soul as it was passing by,

Birds

Birds fill'd the Air with Anthems, every nest  
 Was on the wing, to chaunt her to her Rest:  
 Not a Pen-Fethered Lark, who ne'r try'd Wing,  
 Nor Throat; but ventur'd then to fly, and sing:  
 Following the Saint towards Heav'n, whose entrance  
 there

Damp't them, and chang'd their Notes. Then pensive  
 Air

Dissolv'd to tears, which spoil'd the feather'd Train  
 And sunk them to their Nests with grief again.

Mean time, me thought, I saw at Heav'n's fair Gate  
 The glorious Virgins meet and kiss their mate.

They stood a while her beauty to admire,

Then led her to her place in their own Quire;

Which seem'd to be defective, until she

Added her Sweetness to their harmony.

As Meddals scatter'd when some Prince goes by,

So lay the Stars that night about the Sky.

The milky way too, (since she past it o're)

Methinks looks whiter than it was before.

A N

## E P I T A P H

Upon E. T.

**R** Eader, didst thou but know what sacred Dust  
 Thou tread'st upon, thou'dst judg thy self un-  
 Shouldst thou neglect a shower of tears to pay, (just  
 To wash the Sin of thy own Feet away,  
 That Actor in the Play, who looking down  
 When he should cry, *O Heav'n*—was thought  
 And guilty of a Solecism—might have (Clown  
 Applause for such an Action o're this Grave.  
 Here lies a piece of Heav'n, and Heav'n one day  
 Will send the best in Heav'n to fetch't away.  
 Truth is, this Lovely Virgin from her Birth  
 Became a constant strife 'twixt Heav'n and Earth:  
 Both claim'd her, pleaded for her; either cry'd,  
 The Child is mine; at length they did divide:  
 Heav'n took her Soul; The Earth her Corps did  
 Yet not in Fee, she only holds by Lease: (seize  
 With this Proviso—when the Judge shall call,  
 Earth shall give up her share, and Heav'n have all

UPON

UPON

The Learned Works of the

Reverend Divine

Ed. Reynolds, D. D.

**R**Eader, who e're thou art, here thou maist find  
 Within these *works*, a rare rich glorious mind  
 Of Golden Precepts, which, alike, do shew  
 What's thy distemper, how to cure it too:  
 Do pains oppress thy Body? Sorrow Mind?  
 Draw near to God, Pray'r will acceptance find:  
 And then no doubt, he'l grant, thy Bodies grief  
 May bring thy sinking soul some small relief.  
 Do passions over-top thy will? Beware,  
 Virtue consists not in so high a Sphere:  
 If thou the Golden *Medium* wilt find,  
 Shun thou too high, and too too low a mind. (fly,  
 Pleasures are gilded nothings, which like bubbles  
 Swoln big with emptiness so burst and die.  
 Do darkest times of ignorance draw near?  
 The rather view these weighty Lines: nor fear,  
 Nor wonder much at this resplendent Light:  
 Diamonds shine brightest in the Darkest night.  
 Then

The Merchant-man sold all he had, to buy  
 The rich, rare, Gospel Jewel : O then why  
 Art thou so backward, since that thou maist make  
 This Gem thine own, yea, at a cheaper rate ?  
 The foolish Virgins, when their Lord of light  
 Past by, their lights were out : So that eternal night  
 Was their reward, and just ; for they that deem  
 Pains cost of greater worth, shall ne'r be seen  
 Within his Courts, who is great, good, and just.  
 Is folly thus repaid ? Reader, we must  
 Look that it ne'r be said of thee nor I  
 That our neglect should cause our light to die,

R.

W.

## Another.

**L**ook wishly, Friend, thou seldom seest such men;  
 Heav'n drops such Jewels down but now and  
 One in an Age, or Nation : oh 'tis rare, (then,  
 Two *Reynoldses* should fall to *Englands* share !  
 Could *Rome* but shew one such, and this were he,  
 His Picture could not scape Idolatry :  
 Whom Papists (not with superstitious Fire)  
 Would dare t'adore, we justly may admire.

R. W.

*Alind.*

**L**earning, whose Forces did dispersed lie,  
 Of late alarm'd by the Enemy,  
 Calling a council, did resolve at length :  
 To chuse one General over all her strength :  
 Divinity, who had the choice, did name  
*Reynolds* ; All voices center'd in the same :  
 Now here he stands and heads such Books as bear  
 Truth in their Van, and Triumph in their Rear.

R. W.

A N



AN

# EPITAPH

For a Godly Mans Tomb.

**H**ere lies a piece of Christ, a Star in Dust ;  
A Vein of Gold, a China Dish that must  
Be us'd in Heav'n, when God shall Feast the Just.

AN

# EPITAPH

For a Wicked Mans Tomb.

**H**ere lies the Carcase of a cursed Sinner,  
Doom'd to be Roasted, for the Devils Dinner.





## A Letter to a Friend.

*Generous Sir,*

ON Saturday last (the day and Weather being as sad and dumpish as old *Saturn* himself) whilst I was in my Study (my Books and my self musty and melancholy) and my provisions for the next day as poor as ever were made by Country Curate, sometimes scratching that which goes for my Head, and then biting my Nails for offending my Noddle; in comes your Friendly Letter (the welcomest Quarter-master that ever came to my House) to take up Quarters for that Gallant Mans Works (and if ever good Works merited, they do) Doctor *Reynolds*. Sir, They no sooner entred my Study—but all my Books seem'd to disappear, as the Stars do at the rising of the Sun: You cannot imagine what fear, shame, confusion, and envy, my poor Shelves discovered; Some poor Authors stood gasping---others tumbled down, and others burst their Bindings---resolving to break Prison, rather than stand before such a Judge of Learning. Those few Fathers (which I had) seemed to meet in a Council, what they should do, whether stay or depart. Old *Origen* began, but he was so full of

Allegories

Allegories, and whimsys, they could not tell what to say to him; but sure he and they all were troubled, for fear (good men) that they should now be ejected in their old Age. *Justin* thought that he should again be a Martyr, and burnt to light Tobacco. *Tertullian* began to make Apologies; and *Austin* himself fell to his Confessions and Retractions. As for *Hierom*, as good a Scholar as he was, he wisht himself again on his Pilgrimage; and my poor Country man *Bede* got into a corner and fell to his Beeds. On another shelf (for I have not many) my School-men looked like School boys, and stood with their strings untied, ready untrussed for Correction. *Aquinas* himself wisht he had not such summs to reckon for: and all the Popish Authors had fell to crossing themselves. But what a case (if my stout Folios and old Authors fainted thus) do you think my Infantry—my Modern men, my Quarto and Octavo Striplings were in? Yea, some of our own *English* (men of many Editions, and worthy to be bound and gilded gave back, and thrust one another: *Dod* and *Clow* were both silenced; *Doctor Prestons* All-sufficiency pleaded insufficiency——*Thomas Godwin* pulled his Caps in his eyes, and became a Child in Light in Darkness—As for *John Godwin*, he looked for a General Redemption of them all; but his Subfixer, poor *Pierce*, was afraid, at the Doctor coming in, that he and his corrected Copy, should be again sent to the House of Correction.

for my Pamphlets, and trash, they crowded together; and having no manner of Cover for themselves, many of them wish'd *Giles Calvert* hang'd for Printing them, and themselves burnt out of the way. Thus, Sir, it was with my Study: But for my self, oh how I was revived and ravished! No sooner did that Book, big with Christ, enter and salute me (pardon the allusion) but my heart, like *John* in his Mothers Belly, leap'd for joy. No sooner did I open and taste the Honey, but mine Eyes were enlightned, and I mended in an instant. The vanity of the Creature made me serious, the Sinfulness of sin humbled me, the Life of Christ quickned me; the 110 *Psalms* made me sing, the Lords Supper feasted me,—the Prophet *Hosea* inspired me, and the passions exceedingly affected me. What shall I say or do? I cannot hold, but must fall out of trotting heavy Prose into an amble of Rhyming.

*From a kind Hand there came t'enrich a place  
In my poor Study,—the rare works and Face  
Of Learned Reverend Reynolds—I receive  
The Book with joy—but no gift (by your leave)  
And for the Book, and for my self, I vow  
I ne'r had Piece could make me Preach till now:  
I'll pay for't (Sir) And—(which I ne'r shall do)  
When I can write such—you shall Print them too.  
Meantime I prophesie, this Volume will  
Make both your Rose and Crown to flourish still.*

Sir,

Sir, accept and pardon this trash,——— next  
Term I shall be in *London*, and then personally  
prove what I now set my Hand to—(*viz.*) That  
I am

Yours most Cordially,

R. W.

ALAS

next  
bally  
That

ally,

AS

2. Lake The Ballad beginning

"<sup>1</sup> Magnificent Study" which is awarded to W. D. Ward in the  
winter of 1891 and also to Capt. Collier in his poem.

1850 A. Ward for the poem about the Ballad.

"<sup>1</sup> is directed to be put in the hands "Hallow me"  
"my" awarded to Collier.



Alas poor Scholar !  
Whither wilt thou go ?

O R

*Strange Alterations which at this time be,  
There's many did think they never should see.*

I N a Melancholy Study,  
None but my self,  
Methought my Muse grew mudddy ;  
After seven years Reading,  
And costly breeding,  
I felt, but could find no pelf :  
Into Learned Rags  
I've rent my Plush and Satten,  
And now am fit to beg  
In *Hebrew, Greek, and Latin* ;  
Instead of *Aristotle*,  
Would I had got a Patten.  
*Alas poor Scholar ! Whither wilt thou go ?*

Cambridge now I must leave thee,  
 And follow Fate,  
 College hopes do deceive me ;  
 I oft expected  
 To have been elected,  
 But desert is reprobate.  
 Masters of Colleges  
 Have no common Graces,  
 And they that have Fellowships  
 Have but common Places,  
 And those that Scholars are  
 They must have handsome faces :  
*Alas poor Scholar ! Whither wilt thou go ?*

I have bow'd, I have bended,  
 And all in hope  
 One day to be befriended :  
 I have Preach'd, I have Printed  
 What ere I hinted,  
 To please our *English* Pope :  
 I worship'd towards the East,  
 But the Sun doth now forsake me ;  
 I find that I am falling,  
 The Northern winds do shake me :  
 Would I had been upright,  
 For bowing now will break me :  
*Alas poor Scholar ! Whither wilt thou go ?*



At great preferment I aimed,  
 Witness my Silk ;  
 But now my hopes are maimed :  
 I looked lately  
 To live most stately,  
 And have a Dairy of Bell-ropes Milk ;  
 But now alas !

My self I must not flatter,  
 Bigamy of Steeples  
 Is a laughing matter ;  
 Each man must have but one,  
 And Curates will grow fatter.  
*Alas poor Scholar ! whither wilt thou go ?*

Into some Country Village  
 Now I must go.  
 Where neither Tythe nor Tillage  
 The greedy Parron  
 And parched Matron  
 Swear to the Church they owe :  
 Yet if I can Preach,  
 And Pray too on a sudden,  
 And confute the Pope  
 At adventure, without studying,  
 Then ten Pounds a year,  
 Besides a Sunday Pudding.

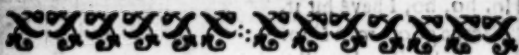
All the Arts I have skill in,  
 Divine and Humane,  
 Yet all's not worth a Shilling;  
 When the Women hear me,  
 They do but jeer me,  
 And say I am profane:

Once, I remember,  
 I preached with a Weaver,  
 I quoted *Austin*,  
 He quoted *Dod* and *Clever*;  
 I nothing got,  
 He got a Cloak and Beaver:  
*Alas poor Scholar! whither wilt thou go?*

Ships, Ships, Ships, I discover,  
 Crossing the Main;  
 Shall I in, and go over,  
 Turn Jew or Atheist,  
 Turk, or Papist,  
 To *Geneva*, or *Amsterdam*?  
 Bishopricks are void  
 In *Scotland*, shall I thither?  
 Or follow *Windbank*  
 And *Finch*, to see if either  
 Do want a Priest to shrive them?  
 O no, 'tis blust'ring weather.  
*Alas poor Scholar! whither wilt thou go?*

Ho, ho, ho, I have hit it,  
 Peace good-man Fool ;  
 Thou hast a Trade will fit it ;  
 Draw thy Indenture,  
 Be bound at adventure  
 An Apprentice to a Free-School ;  
 There thou maist command  
 By *william Lillyes* Charter ;  
 There thou maist whip, strip,  
 And hang, and draw, and quarter,  
 And commit to the Red Rod  
 Both *will*, and *Tom*, and *Arthur*.  
*I, 'tis thither, thither will I go.*

R. W.



T. H. E.

*Norfolk and Wimbich.*

# COCK-FIGHT.

By R. W.

**G**O you tame Gallants, you that have a name;  
 And would accounted be Cocks of the Game;  
 That have brave Spurs to shew for't, and can crow,  
 And count all Dunghil breed, that cannot show  
 Such painted plumes as yours; which think't no vice  
 With Cock-like lust to tread your Cockatrice;  
 Though Peacocks, Weathercocks, Woodcocks you  
 If y'are not Fighting Cocks y're not for me. (be,  
 I of two feathered Combatants will write;  
 And he that means to th'life to express their Fight,  
 Must make his Ink the blood which they did spill,  
 And from their dying Wings must take his quill.  
 No sooner were the doubtful people set,  
 The Match made up, and all that would had bet;  
 But straight the skilful Judges of the Play  
 Brought forth their sharp-heel'd Warriors; and they  
 Were both in Linnen Bags, as if't were meet  
 Before they dy'd, to have their Winding-sheer.

Into

Into the Pit the, 'r brought, and being there  
 Upon the Stage, the *Norfolk* Chanticleer  
 Looks stoutly at his ne'r before-seen Foe,  
 And like a Challenger began to crow,  
 And clap his Wings, as if he would display  
 His Warlike colours, which were black and gray.  
 Mean time the wary *Wishich* walks and breaths  
 His active body, and in fury wreaths  
 His comly Crest; and often looking down,  
 He beats his angry Beak upon the ground.  
 This done they meet, not like the coward Breed  
 Of *Æsops*; these can better fight than feed:  
 They scorn the Dunghil; 'tis their only prize  
 To dig for Pearls within each others eyes.  
 They fought so nimbly that 'twas hard to know,  
 To th'skilful, whether they did fight or no;  
 If that the blood which dy'd the fatal floor,  
 Had not born witness of't. Yet fought they more,  
 As if each wound were but a spur to prick  
 Their fury forward. Lightnings not more quick  
 Or red, than were their Eyes: 'Twas hard to know  
 Whether 'twas blood or anger made them so.  
 I'm sure they had been out, had they not stood  
 More safe, being walled in each others blood.  
 Thus they vy'd blows; but yet, alas, at length,  
 Although their courage were full tri'd, their strength  
 And blood began to ebb. You that have seen  
 A watry combat on the Sea, between  
 Two angry roaring boiling Billows, how  
 They march, and meet, and dash their curled brow;  
 Swelling

Swelling like Graves, as though they did intend  
 T'intomb each other, ere the Quarrel end ;  
 But when the wind is down, and blustering weather  
 They are made *friends* and *sweetly* run together ; (lo  
 May think these Champions such : their blood grow  
 And they which leap'd but now, now scarce can go  
 For having left th' advantage of the Heel,  
 Drunk with each others blood, they only reel ;  
 And yet they would feign fight ; they came so near  
 Methought they meant into each others ear  
 To whisper wounds ; and when they could not rise  
 They lay and look't blows int' each others eyes.  
 But now the Tragick part ! After this fit,  
 When *Norfolk* Cock had got the best of it,  
 And *Wishick* lay a dying, so that none,  
 Though sober, but might venture seven to one,  
 Contracting, like a Dying-Taper, all  
 His strength, intending with the blow to fall,  
 He struggles up, and having taken wind,  
 Ventures a blow, and strikes the other blind.  
 And now poor *Norfolk*, having lost his eyes,  
 Fights guided only by Antipathies :  
 With him, alas ! the Proverb is not true,  
 The blows his eyes ne'r saw, his heart must rue,  
 At last by chance, he stumbling on his Foe,  
 Not having any strength to give a blow,  
 He falls upon him with his wounded head,  
 And makes his Conquerors wings his Feather-bed,  
 His Friends ran in, and being very chary,  
 Sent in all hast to call a Pothecary :

But all in vain, his body did so Blister,  
 That 'twas not capable of any Clyster.  
 Physick's in vain, and 'twill not him restore:  
 Alas poor Cock, he was let blood before.  
 Then finding himself weak, op'ning his Bill,  
 He calls a Scriv'ner, and thus makes his Will;

*Imp.* First of all, let never be forgot,  
 My body freely I bequeath to th' Pot,  
 Decently to be boyld: and for its Tomb,  
 Let it be buried in some hungry Womb.

*Item,* For Executors I'll have none,  
 But he that on my side laid seven to one;  
 And, like a Gentleman that he may live,  
 To him, and to his Heirs, my Comb I give,  
 Together with my Brains, that all may know,  
 That oftentimes his Brains did use to Crow.

*Item,* For comfort of those weaker ones  
 Whose Wives complain of, let them have my Stones,  
 For Ladies that are Light, it is my Will,  
 My Feathers make a Fan. And for my Bill,  
 I'll give a Tailor: But 'faith 'tis so short,  
 I am afraid, he'll rather curse me for't,  
 And for that worthy Doctors sake, who meant  
 To give me a Clyster, let my Rump be sent.

Lastly, because I find my self decay,  
 I yield, and give to *Wishich* Cock the day.

R. W.

UPON

UPON THE  
**D E A T H**  
 O F

*Dennis Bond, Esq;*

Who dyed four days before the  
**LORD PROTECTOR.**

**N**OW whilst *whitehall* wears black, and men do  
 'Tis Treason any Colour else to wear; (fear  
 Whilst Mourners, like a flock of Crows, resort  
 To the great Lions Carcase, at the Court;  
 Whilst the said Members of the tother House  
 (That Mountain web last year brought forth a Mouse)  
 Lament his Fall, who Madam'd all their Wives,  
 And *Thurlos* wishes he had had nine Lives;  
 Whilst some lament, he dy'd without an Axe,  
 And fear the Funeral will cost a Tax;  
 Whilst cunning *Scotland* counterfeits a Groan,  
 And *Ireland* cudgel'd into her *A bone*,

Whilst



Whilst *England* put her Finger in her Eye,  
 And *welchmen* use their Leeks to make them cry;  
 Whilst grief doth chime all in, and every Tribe  
 Eycleped Mayor and Aldermen, subscribe  
 (Or make their marks at least) how full of Sadness  
 That *Oliver* is dead, and eke of gladness  
 That *Richard* reigns! though the Slaves lie, I fear,  
 For their old Gowns are lin'd with Cavalier:  
 Whilst the sad Poetasters of the times  
 Plaister the Hearse with miserable Rhymes,  
 And I, poor man, might mend my Fortune too,  
 As sure as ever Lord *Hewson* mended Shoo,  
 If I could baste my Muse, and make her go:  
 I, by that great Ghosts leave, am well content  
 To wait upon a meaner Monument;  
 Yet fit to stand by this, if not above,  
 As having, though less pomp, yet no less Love:  
 'Tis *Dennis Bond*, that true bred *English* Squire,  
 Whose worth, if my rude Fancy should aspire  
 To reach the Sinews; just, pious, valiant, wile,  
 Able for Counsel or for Enterprize;  
 Fit to set *Cato* Copies, if alive,  
 Able to make a Bankrupt Nation thrive;  
 Th'Alchymy of whose single Judgment could  
 Convert a leaden Council into Gold.  
 Atlas of State! oh! if King *Charles* that's gone,  
 Instead of *Digby* and old *Cottingham*,  
 Had had one *Dennis*; he had stood till now,  
 And kept the Crown fast on his Royal brow.

*Cromwell* could not out-live him; So our State  
 In one week lost their Pilot, and his Mate:  
 And though he dy'd in's Bed, 'tis not deny'd;  
 Yet was his head struck off when *Dennis* dy'd,  
 Adieu, brave *Bond*! My aged Muse shall burn  
 Her with' red Lawrel at thy sacred Urn.

Livethine own Monument, and scorn a Stone;  
 Marbles themselves have flaws, thy name has none,  
 That plat of Earth which grasps thee in her womb,  
 Proud of such Treasure, swells into a Tomb.

When the next Parliament together come,  
 And miss their Western Patriot from his room,  
 Despairing that their Meeting will not speed,  
 Grief will dissolve them, no Protector need.

R. W.

UPON

*Upon some Bottles of Sack and  
Claret, laid in Sand, and co-  
vered with a Sheet.*

Enter and see this Tomb (Sirs) do not fear,  
No Spirits, but of Wine, will fright you here :  
Weep o're this Tomb, your sorrows here may have  
Wine for their sweet Companions in the Grave.  
A dozen *Shakespears* here interr'd do lie ;  
Two dozen *Johnsons* full of Poetry.  
Did not the Mother Hogthead, from whose womb  
These Babes sprang forth, burst when she saw this  
Tomb,  
And swell with grief ? Did not the Butler sink,  
To see himself turn Sexton to his Drink ?  
'Twere commendable Sacrilege, no doubt,  
Could I come at your Grave, to steal you out :  
How e're, from this thy anxious Grave I will  
Some virtuous Ashes take, wherewith I'll fill  
The Glass I Preach by ; for I must be just,  
There lies Divinity within thy Dust.  
Unhappy Grape, could not one pressing do ;  
But now alive you must be buried too ?  
Sleep on, but scorn to die, immortal Liquer :  
The burying of thee thus will make thee quicker ;  
Meanwhile thy Friends pray loud, that thou maist  
A speedy Resurrection from the Grave. (have

AN  
ESSAY

Upon the late *VICTORY* obtained by  
His Royal Highness the Duke of York,  
Against the *DUTCH*, upon *June 3. 1665.*  
By the Author of *Iter Boreale.*

**G**OUT! I conjure thee by the powerful Names  
Of *CHARLES* and *JAMES*, and their  
victorious Fames,

On this great day set all thy Prisoners free,  
(Triumphs command a Goal-Delivery)  
Set them all free, leave not a limping Toe  
From my *Lord Chancellors* to mine below;  
Unless thou giv'st us leave this day to Dance,  
Thou'rt not th'old Loyal Gout, but com'st from  
*France.*

'Tis done, my grief obeys the Sovereign Charms,  
I feel a Bonfire in my joynts, which warms  
And thaws the frozen jelly; I am grown  
Twenty years younger; Victory hath done  
What puzzled Physick: Give the *Dutch* a Rout,  
*Probatum est*, 'twill cure an *English* Gout.

Come

Come then, put nimble Socks upon my Feet,  
 They shall be *Skippers* to our *Royal Fleet*,  
 Which now returns in dances on our Seas  
 A Conqueror above *Hyperboles*.  
 A Sea which with *Bucephalus* doth scorn  
 Less than an *Alexander* should be born  
 On her proud back; but to a Loyal Rein  
 Yields foaming Mouth, and bends her curled Main:  
 And conscious that she is too strait a Stage  
 For *Charles* to act on, swell'd with Loyal Rage,  
 Urgeth the *Belgick* and the *Gallick* shore  
 To yield more room, her Master must have more.  
 Ingrateful Neighbors! 'twas our kinder Isle,  
 With her own blood made your *Geneva* Stile  
 Writ in small Print (poor States and sore perplex:)  
 Swell to the (*HIGH AND MIGHTY LORDS*)  
 And can you be such Snakes to sting that breast (in text  
 Which in your Winter gave you warmth and rest?  
 Poor *Flemish* Frogs, if your Ambition thirst  
 To swell to *English* Greatness, You will burst.  
 Could you believe our Royal Head would fail  
 To Nod those down, who fell before our Tail?  
 Or could your *Amsterdam* by her commands,  
 Make *London* carry Coals, to warm her Hands?  
 A bold attempt! Pray practice it no more;  
 We sav'd our Coals, yet gave you Fire good store.  
 It is enough; The righteous Heavens have now  
 Judg'd the Grand Quarrel betwixt us and you.  
 The Sentence is—The Surface must be ours,  
 But for the bottom of the Sea 'tis yours:

E

Thither

Thither your *Opdam* with some thousands, are  
Gone down to take possession of your share.

Metinks I hear great *Triton* sound a Call,  
And through th'affrighted Ocean summon all  
His scaly Regiments to come and take (make:  
Part of that *Feast* which *Charles* their King doth  
Where they may glut Revenge, quit the old score,  
And feed on those who fed on them before:  
Whom when they have digested, who can find  
Whether they're Fish, or Flesh, or what's their kind  
*Van-Cod, Van-Ling, Van Herring*, will be cry'd  
About their Streets; All Fish so *Dutchified*.  
The States may find their *Capers* in their Dish,  
And meet their *Admirals* in butter'd Fish.  
(Thus they'll embody and increase their Crew;  
A cunning way to make each *Dutch* man two.  
And on themselves they now must feed or fast;  
Their Herring Trade is brought unto its Last.

---

*To the King.*

Great Sir, belov'd of God and Man, admit  
My Loyal zeal to run before my Wit,  
This is my Pens miscarriage, not a Birth;  
Her haste hath made her bring blind Puppies forth,  
My aims, in this attempt, are to provoke,  
And kindle flames more Noble by my smother;

My wisp of straw may set great Wood on Fire,  
 And my weak Breach your Organs may inspire,  
 Amongst those Rags I have taken from the Dutch,  
 Command your *Denham* to hang up his Crutch;  
 He is a man both of his hands and feet,  
 And with great numbers can your Navy meet;  
 His quicker eye your Conquest can survey, (Bay,  
 His Hand, *Torke's* Temples Crown with flourishing  
 waller (great Post and true Prophet too)  
 Whose curious Pensil in rich Colours drew  
 The Type of this grand Triumph for your view,  
 (The Fishers, like their Herrings, bleeding new)  
 With the same hand shall give the World the Sights  
 Of what it must expect when *England* Fights.  
 That Son and Heir of *Pindars* Muse and Fame,  
 Your modest *Cowley*, with your breath will flame,  
 And make those *Belgick Beasts* who live, aspire  
 To fall your Sacrifice in his pure Fire. (Wonder  
 He shall proclaim our *JAMES*, great *Nepennes*  
 And like a *Jove*, Fighting in Clouds and Thunder.



THE GRATEFUL  
NON-CONFORMIST,

OR

Return of Thanks to Sir J. B. Knight,  
who sent the Author Ten  
CROWNS,

1665.

**T**EN Crowns at once! and to one man! and he  
As despicable as bad Poets be!  
Who scarce has Wit (if you require the same)  
To make an Anagram upon your Name!  
Or to out rhyme a Barber, or prepare  
An Epitaph to serve a *Quinborough* Mayor!  
A limping *Levite*! who scarce in his prime  
Could woo an *Abigail*, or say grace in rhyme!

Ten Crowns to such a thing! Friend 'tis a dose  
Able to raise dead *Ben*, or *Davenants* Nose;  
Able to make a Courtier prove a Friend,  
And more than all of them in *Viſuals* spend.  
This free, free-Parliament, whose gift doth sound  
Full five and twenty hundred thousand pound:

You



You have undone them; for yours was your own,  
And some of it shall last when theirs is gone.

Ten Crowns at once! and now at such a time,  
When Love to such as I am, is a Crime  
Greater than is recorded in *Jane Shore*,  
Who gave but one poor Loaf to the starv'd Whore.  
What, now to help a Non-Conformist! Now  
When Ministers are broke that will not bow!  
When 'tis to be unblest to be ungirt!  
To wear no Surplice doth deserve no Shirt:  
No Broth, no Meat; no Service, no Protection;  
No Cross, no Coin; no Collect, no Collection!

You are a daring Knight thus to be kind;  
If rusty *Roger* get it in the wind  
Hee'll smell a Plot, a *Presbyterian* Plot,  
Especially for what you gave the *Scot*,  
And if the Spiritual Court take fire from Crack,  
They'll clap a Paritor upon your back,  
Shall make you shrug, as if you wore the Collar  
Of Cashier'd Red-coat, or poor Scholar.  
What will you plead, Sir, if they put you to't?  
Was it the Doctor, or the Knight did do't?  
Did you, as Doctor, Flux some Usurer?  
And with your quick, did his dull Silver stir?  
Or did your zeal, you a Knight-Templer make,  
To give the Church the booties you should take?  
Or was it your desire to beg Applause?  
Or shew affection to the good old Cause?  
Was't to feed Faction, or uphold the stickell  
Betwixt the old Church and new Conventicle?

No, none of these, but I have hit the thing.  
It was because you knew I lov'd the King.

Ten Crowns at once! Sir, you'll suspected be  
For no good Protestant, you are so free.  
So much at once! I sure you bet gave before,  
Or else, I doubt, mean and do so no more.  
This is enough to make a man protest:  
*Religio Medici* to be the best.

The Christians, for whose sakes we are undone,  
Would have cry'd out, this is too much for one.  
Either to give or take: what needs this waste?  
Oh, how they love to have us keep a fast!  
Five private Meetings, where in each, four men  
In black Coats, and white Caps (you'll call them then  
A Team of Ministers) have cudg'd all day,  
Deserving Provender, but scarce got hay:  
Where I myself have drawn my part some hours,  
Have not afforded such return as yours.  
I'de with them watch, and keep me sober still,  
Not want of guilt in them, nor want of will  
In me, but want of wine does make me lame,  
Or else I'de sacrifice them to the flame  
Of a high blazing Satyr. Here's a man  
Who ne'r pretended at your rates, yet can  
More freely feed us, with Wine and good Dishes,  
Then they (yet that's their aim) with sighs and

Oh, for a Rapture! how shall I describe  
The love of thousands to their Reading Trib:  
Who maintain'd them, when they lost their places  
They did not lose one pimple from the r faces;

But

But after all, full fraught with flesh and Flagon,  
 Came forth like Monks, or Priests of Bell and Dragon.  
 One would have judg'd by their high looks and smells  
 They had been kept in Cellars, not in Cells:  
 Where they grew big and batten'd; without doubt  
 Some that went Firkins in, came Hogs-heads out.  
 But ours in two years time are skin and bones,  
 And look like *Gran-dames*, or old *Apple Johns*,  
 One *Lazarus* amongst us was too much,  
 But ere't be long we all shall look like such;  
 And when that comes to pass, the world shall see,  
 Who are the Ghostly Fathers, they or we;  
 And then our bellies (without better fare)  
 Will be as empty as their Noddles are.  
 Though we are silent, our guts will not be so,  
 But make a Conventicle as they go:  
 Poor *Colon* peace, and cease their croaking din,  
 Thou art condemn'd to be a *Chitterlin*.

Niggardly Puritans! blush at the odds  
 Betwixt the *Bonnors* and the meagre *Dodds*;  
 You give your Drink in Thimbles, they in Bowls,  
 Your Church is poor *St. Faiths*, and theirs is *Pauls*;  
 And whilst you Priests and Altars do despise,  
 Your selves prove Priests, and we your Sacrifice.

But why do I permit my Muse to whine?  
 I wish my Brethren all such checks as mine,  
 And those that wish us well, such hearts as thine.

My Noble *Baber* I have chosen you  
 For my Physician, and my Champion too;

Give me but sometimes such a dose, and I  
Will ne'r wish other Cordial till I die,  
And then proclaim you a most Valiant Knight,  
(Shew but some mettle) though you never Fight.

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A



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A

P O E M

UPON THE

Imprisonment

O F

Mr. CALAMY

I N

*NEWGATE.*

This Page I send you, Sir, your *Newgate* Fate }  
Not to condole, but to congratulate.

I envy not our Mitred men, their Places,  
 Their rich Preferments, nor their richer *Faces*:  
 To see them Steeple upon Steeple set,  
 As if they meant that way to Heaven get.  
 I can behold them take into their gills  
 A dose of Churches, as men swallow Pills,  
 And never grieve at it: Let them swim in Wine  
 While others drown in tears, I'll not repine.  
 But my heart truly grudges (I confess)  
 That you thus loaded are with happiness;  
 For so it is: and you more blessed are  
 In *Peters Chain*, than if you sat in's Chair.  
 One Sermon hath preferr'd you, so much honor,  
 A man could scarce have had from Bishop *Bonner*;  
 Whilst we (your Brethren) poor Erratics be,  
 You are a glorious fixed Star we see,  
 Hundreds of us turn out of House and Home,  
 To a safe Habitation you are come.  
 What though it be a Goat? Shame and Disgrace  
 Rise only from the Crime, not from the place.  
 Who thinks reproach or injuries is done  
 By an Eclipse to the unspotted Sun?  
 He only by that black upon his brow  
 Allures Spectators more; and so do you.  
 Let me find Honey, though upon a Rod,  
 And prize the Prison, where my Keeper's God:

*Newgate*

*Newgate* or *Hell* were *Heav'n*, if Christ werethere,  
He made the Stable so and Sepulcher.

Indeed the place did for your presence call;  
Prisons do want perfuming most of all.

Thanks to the Bishop, and his good Lord Mayor,  
Who turn'd the Den of Thieves into a House of  
Prayer :

And may some Thief by you converted be,  
Like him who suffer'd in Christs company.

Now would I had sight of your *Mittimus*;  
For would I know why you are dealt with thus.

Jaylor, set forth your Prisoner at the Bar,  
Sir, you shall hear what your offences are.

First, it is prov'd that you being dead in Law  
(As if you car'd not for that death a straw)

Did walk and haunt your Church, as if you'd skate  
Away the Reader and his Common-Prayer.

Nay 'twill be prov'd you did not only walk,  
But like a *Puritan* your *Ghost* did talk.

Dead, and yet Preach! these *Presbyterian* Slaves  
Will not give over Preaching in their Graves.

Item, You play'd the Thief, and if't be so,  
Good reason (Sir) to *Newgate* you shall go:

And now you're there, some dare to swear you are  
The greatest Pick-pocket that e're came there:

Your

Your Wife too, little better than your self you make  
 She is th' Receiver of each purse you take,  
 But your great Theft you act is in your Church,  
 (I do not mean you did your Sermon lurch,  
 That's crime *Canonical*) but you did pray  
 And Preach, so that you stole mens hearts away.  
 So that good man to whom your place doth fall,  
 Will find they have no heart for him at all:  
 This Felony deserv'd Imprisonment.  
 What can't you *Non-Conformists* be content  
 Sermons to make except you preach them too;  
 They that your places have, this work can do.  
 Thirdly, 'tis prov'd, when you pray most devout  
 For all good men, you leave the Bishops out:  
 This makes Seer *Sheldon* by his powerful spell  
 Conjure and lay you safe in *Newgate* hell:  
 Would I were there too, I should like it well,  
 I would you durst swap punishment with me;  
 Pain makes me fitter for the Company  
 Of roaring Boys; and you may lie in Bed,  
 Now your Name's up; pray do it in my stead,  
 And if it be deny'd us to change places,  
 Let us for Sympathy compare our cases;  
 For if in suffering we both agree,  
 Sir, I may challenge you to pity me:  
 I am the older *Goat-Bird*; my hard fate  
 Hath kept me twenty years in *Cripplegate*;  
 Old *Bishop Gout*, that Lordly proud disease,  
 Took my fat body for his Diocese,



where he keeps Court, there visits every Limb,  
 And makes them (*Levite-like*) conform to him.  
 Severely he doth Article each joynt,  
 And makes enquiry into every point:  
 A bitter enemy to preaching; he  
 Hath half a year sometimes suspended me;  
 And if he find me painful in my station,  
 Down I am sure to go next Visitation:  
 He binds up, looseth; sets up and pulls down;  
 Pretends he draws all humors from the Crown.  
 But I am sure he maketh such ado,  
 His humors trouble head and members too:  
 He hath me now in hand, and e're he goes,  
 I fear for *Hereticks* he'll burn my Toes.  
 O! I would give all I am worth, a fee,  
 That from his jurisdiction I were free.

Now Sir, you find our sufferings do agree,  
 One Bishop Clapt up you, another me:  
 But oh! the difference too is very great,  
 You are allow'd to walk, to drink and eat;  
 I want them all, and never a penny get. }  
 And though you be debarr'd your liberty,  
 Yet all your Visitors I hope are free,  
 Good Men, good Women, and good Angels come  
 And make your Prison better than your home.  
 Now may it be so till your foes repent  
 They gave you such a rich Imprisonment.  
 May for the greater comfort of your lives.  
 Your lying in be better than your Wives.

May

May you a thousand friendly papers see,  
And none prove empty, except this from me,  
And if you stay may I come keep your door,  
Than farewell Parsonage, I shall ne're be poor.

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ON THE  
**DEATH**  
 OF  
**Mr. CALAMY.**

*Not known to the Author of a long time  
 after. Anno 1667.*

**A**Nd must our deaths be silent'd too! I guess  
 'Tis some dumb Devil hath possess'd the Press,  
*Calamy* dead without a Publication!

'Tis great injustice to our *English* Nation,  
 For had this Prophet's Funeral been known,  
 It must have had an Universal Groan,  
 Afflicted *London* would then have been found  
 In the same year to be both burn'd and drown'd;

And

And those who found no tears their flames to  
quench,  
Would yet have wept a Shower, His Hearse to  
drench.

Methinks the Man who stuffs the Weekly Sheet,  
With fine New-Nothings, what hard Names did  
meet,

The Empress, how her Petticoat was lac'd,  
And how her Lacquies Liveries were fac'd;  
What's her chief womans Name; what *Dons* do  
bring

Almonds and Figs to *Spains* great little King:  
Is much concern'd if the Popes Toe but akes,  
When he brakes Wind, and when a Purge he  
takes;

He who can gravely advertife, and tell,  
Where *Lockier* and *Rowland Pippin* dwell;  
Where a Black Box or Green-Bag was lost;  
And who was Knighted, though not what it cost:  
Methinks he might have thought it worth the  
while,

Though not to tell us who the State beguile.  
Or what new Conquest *England* hath acquired;  
Nor that poor Trifle who the City fired;  
Though nor how Popery exalts its head,  
And Priests and Jesuits their Poyson spread;  
Yet in swolo Characters he might let fly,  
*The Presbyterians have lost an Eye.*

Had *Crackf*——Fiddle been in tune, (but he  
 is now a Silenc'd Man as well as We)  
 He had struck up loud Musick, and had plaid  
 A Jig for joy that *Calamy* was laid;  
 He would have told how many Coaches went;  
 How many Lords and Ladies did lament;  
 What Hand-kerchiefs were sent, and in them Gold  
 To wipe the Widows eyes, he would have told;  
 All had come out, and we beholden all  
 To him, for th'overflowing of his gall.

But why do I thus rant without a cause?  
 Is not Concealment Policy? whose Laws  
 My silly peevish Muse dote ill to oppose;  
 For publick Losses no Man should disclose:  
 And such was this, a greater loss by far,  
 One Man of God than twenty Men of War;  
 It was a King, who when a Prophet dy'd;  
 Wept over him, and Father, Father cry'd  
 O if thy Life and Ministry be done,  
 My Chariots and Horsemens strength is gone.  
 I must speak sober words, for well I know  
 If Saints in Heaven do hear us here below,  
 Alie, though in his Praise, would make him frown,  
 And chide me, when with *Jesus* he comes down  
 To judge the World.——This little little He;  
 This silly, sickly, silenc'd *Calamy*,  
*Aldermanbury's*, Curate, and no more,  
 Though he a mighty Miter might have wore,

And those who found no tears their flames to  
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 Would yet have wept a Shower, His Hearse to  
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 To judge the World.——This little little He;  
 This silly, sickly, silenc'd *Calamy*,  
*Aldermanbury's*, Curate, and no more,  
 Though he a mighty Miter might have wore,

Could have vi'd Interest in God or Man,  
 With the most pompous Metropolitan :  
 How have we known him captivate a throng,  
 And make a Sermon twenty thousand strong;  
 And though black mouths his Loyalty did charge,  
 How strong his tug was at the Royal Barge,  
 To hale it home, great *GEORGE* can well attest,  
 Then, when poor Prelacy lay dead in it's nest ;  
 For if a Colleet could not fetch him home,  
*Charles* must stay out, that Interest was mum.  
 Nor did Ambition of a Miter, make  
 Him serve the Crown, it was for Conscience sake.  
 Unbribed Loyalty ! his highest reach  
 Was to be Master *Calamy*, and preach.  
 He bless'd the King, who Bishop him did name,  
 And I bless him who did refuse the same.  
 O ! had our Reverend Clergy been as free  
 To serve the Prince without Reward, as he,  
 They might have had less Wealth with greater Love  
 Envy, like winds, endangers things above.  
 Worth, not Advancement, doth beget esteem ;  
 The highest Weathercock the least doth seem.  
 If you would know of what disease he dy'd  
 His grief was Chronical it is reply'd,  
 For had he opened been by Surgeons art,  
 They had found *London* burning in his heart ;  
 How many Messengers of death did he  
 Receive with Christian Magnanimity !  
 The Stone, Gout, Dropsie, ills which did arise  
 From Griefs and Studies, not from Luxuries ;



The Meagrim too, which still strikes at the Head ;  
 These he stood under, and scarce staggered,  
 Might he but work, though loaded with these Chains,  
 He pray'd and Preach'd, and sung away his pains.  
 Then by a fatal Bill he was struck dead,  
 And though that blow he ne're recovered,  
 ( For he remained speechless to his close )  
 Yet did he breath, and breath out Prayers for those  
 From whom he had that wound : he liv'd to hear  
 An hundred thousand buried in one Year,  
 In this dear City, over which he wept,  
 And many Fasts to keep off judgments kept ;  
 Yet, yet he liv'd, stout hearts, he liv'd to be  
 Depriv'd, driv'n out, and kep out, liv'd to see  
 Wars, Blazing Stars, Torches, which Heav'n nev'r  
 burns,  
 But to light Kings or Kingdoms to the Urns.  
 He liv'd to see the Glory of our Isle,  
*London*, consumed in its Funeral Pile.  
 He liv'd to see that lesser day of Doom,  
*London*, the Priests Burnt sacrifice to *Rome* ;  
 That blow he could not stand, but with that Fire,  
 As with a Burning Feaver, did expire.  
 Thus dy'd this Saint, of whom it must be said,  
 He dy'd a Martyr, though he dy'd in's bed.  
 So Father *Eli* in the Sacred page  
 Sat quivering with fear, as much as age,  
 Longing to know, yet loth to ask the News,  
 How it fair'd with the Army of the *Jews*.

*Israel* flies, that struck his Palsie-head ;  
The next blow stunned him, *Your Sons are dead* ;  
But when the third stroke came, *the Ark is lost* ;  
His heart was wounded, and his life it cost.

Thus fell this Father, and we well do know  
He fear'd our Ark was going long ago.

---

## The E P I T A P H.

**H**ere a poor Minister of Christ doth lie,  
 Who did *INDEED* a Bishoprick deny.  
 When his Lord comes, then, then the world shall see  
 Such humble ones, the rising Men shall be.  
 How many Saints whom he had sent before,  
 Shouted to see him enter Heavens door,  
 There his blest Soul beholds the face of God,  
 While we below groan at our Ichabod.  
 Under his burned Church his Body lies,  
 But shall it self a glorious Temple rise:  
 May his kind flock when a new Church they make,  
 Call it St. Edmundsbury for his sake.

R.W.



THE

Loyal-Non-Conformist,

O R

An Account what he dare swear and what  
he dare not swear.

Published in the year, 1666.

**I** Fear an Oath, before I swear to take it;  
And well I may, for 'tis the Oath of God:  
I fear an Oath, when I have sworn, to break it:  
And well I may, for Vengeance hath a Rod.

And yet I may swear, and must too 'tis due  
Both to my Heav'nly, and my Earthly King:  
If I assent, it must be full and true;  
And if I promise I must do the thing.

I am no *Quaker*, not at all to swear ;  
 Nor *Papist*, to swear East, and mean the West ;  
 But am a *Protestant*, and shall declare  
 What *I cannot*, and what *I can* protest.

I never will endeavour Alteration  
 Of Monarchy, nor of that Royal Name,  
 Which God hath chosen to command this Nation,  
 But will maintain his Person, Crown and Fame.

What he commands, if *Conscience* say not nay,  
 ( For *Conscience* is a greater King than he )  
 For *Conscience* sake, not *Fear*, I will obey ;  
 And if not *Active*, *Passive* I will be.

I'll pray that all his Subjects may agree,  
 And never more be crumbled into parts ;  
 I will endeavor that his Majesty  
 May not be King of *Clubs*, but King of *Hearts*.

The *Royal Oak* I swear I will defend ;  
 But for the *Ivy* which doth hug it so,  
 I swear that is a Thief and not a friend,  
 And about Steeples fitter far to grow.

The Civil Government I will obey ;  
 But for Church-Policy I swear I doubt it ;

And if my Bible want th' *Apocrypha*,  
 I'll swear my Book may be compleat without it.

I dare not swear Church-Goverment is right  
 As it should be ; but this I dare to swear,  
 ( If thou should put me to't ) the Bishops might  
 Do better, and be better than they are.

Nor will I swear for all that they are worth,  
 That Bishopricks will stand, and Doomsday see ;  
 And yet I'll swear the Gospel holdeth forth  
 Christ with his Ministers till then will be.

That *Peter* was a Prelate they aver ;  
 But I'll not swear't when all is said and done :  
 But I dare swear, and hope I shall not err,  
 He preach'd a hundred Sermons to their one.

*Peter* a Fisher was, and he caught Men :  
 And they have Nets, and in them catch Men too ;  
 Yet I'll not swear they are alike, for them  
 He caught, he sav'd : these catch, and them undo.

I dare not swear that Courts Ecclesiastick  
 D: in their Laws make just and gentle Votes ;  
 But

But I'll be sworn that *Rurton, Pryn* and *Bastwick*  
Were once *Ear-witnesses* of harsher Notes.

Arch-deacons, Deans, and Chapters are brave men,  
By Canon, not by Scripture? but to this,  
I, I be call'd, I'll swear, and swear agen,  
That no such *Chapter* in my Bible is.

I'll not condemn those *Presbyterians*, who  
Refused *Bishopricks*, and might have had 'em:  
But *Mistris Calamy* I'll swear doth do  
As well as if she were a *Spiritual Madam*.

I will not swear, that they who this Oath take,  
Will for Religion e're lay down their Lives:  
But I will swear they will good Juglers make,  
Who can already swallow down such Knives.

For holy Vestments I'll not take an Oath  
Which Linnen most Canonical may be;  
Some are for *Lawn*, some *Holland*, some *Scots-cloath*;  
And *Hemp* for some is fitter than all three.

*Paul* had a Cloak, and Boots, and Parchments too;  
But that he wore a *Surplice* I'll not swear,  
Nor that his Parchments did his *Orders* shew,  
Or in his Books there was a *Common Prayer*;

I owe assistance to the King by Oath ;  
 And if he please to put the Bishops down,  
 As who knows what may be, I should be loth  
 To see *Tom Becket's* Miter push the Crown.

And yet the Church-Government I do allow,  
 And am contented Bishops be the men ;  
 And that I speak in earnest, here I vow  
 Where we have one, I wish we might have ten

In fine, the Civil Power I'll obey,  
 And seek the Peace and Welfare of the Nation :  
 If this won't do, I know not what to say,  
 But farewell *London*, farewell *Corporation*.

R. W.



THE

RE CANTATION

OF A

Penitent PROTEUS;

OR

The CHANGLING;

As it was acted with good Applause  
in *St. Maries in Cambridge,*  
and *St. Pauls in*  
*London,*

1663.

---

*To the Tune of Dr. Faustus.*

---

L O N D O N,

Reprinted in the Year

1668.

THE

CONSTITUTION

OF A

FREE PEOPLE

OR

OF THE

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

As it was adopted by the Continental Congress

on September 17, 1787

and ratified

by the States

on September 12, 1788

to the twenty-first day of September

1788

Reprinted in 1788

1788



*Proteus his penal Resolution, speaking  
alone in the Tying-house, before his  
entring the Pulpit.*

O H I am almost mad, 'twould make one so,  
To see which way *Preferments* game doth go:  
I ever thought I had her in the *Wind*,  
And yet I'm cast above *three years* behind.

*Three times* already I have turn'd my Coat;  
*Three times* already I have chang'd my Note;  
I'll make it *four* and *four* and *twenty* more,  
And turn the *Compass* round ere I'll give ore.

Love to *Church members* I will give no more;  
For now I'll only court the *Scarlet whore*.  
I'll ask the *Bishops* blessing; and good night  
To *Thomas Goodyn*, and his *Child of Light*.

Poor man he wears his Caps too much in's eyes,  
 To be my Guide; No, I must be *more wise*.  
 On all my *Brethren* I will look awr.,  
 And cry, *Stand farther off to Philip Nye*.

*Ambition*, my great Goddess and my Muse,  
 Inspire thy *Prophets* all such Arms to use,  
 As may exalt; Betwixt this and my Grave  
 A *Miter*, or a *Halter*, I must have.

Tell me ( *Ambition* ) prethee tell me why  
 So many *Dunces* Doctors and not I?  
 A *Scarlet Gown* I must and will obtain,  
 I cannot else commence a *Priest in grain*

Among the Doctors I can get no room  
 Till I *recant*; that is my shameful doom.  
*Hang shame*, I'll do it, and my ends to gain,  
 I'll *cant*, *recant*, and *re recant* again.

Now help me great *Ambition*, for thy sake  
 To *break my sleep*, to *break my Brains*, to *break*  
 My *Faith* and *Oaths*, and so to act my part,  
 That men may think I have a *broken Heart*.

When I do preach my *tears do trickle down*;  
 But in my *sleeve* ( my *Cassock sleeves* and *Gown* )  
 I *laugh*, to think how by my *whining trade*  
 So many Fools in one day I have made.

Help me, my *Muse*, a new Song I desire  
 That thee may be prepared for the *Quire*,  
 That when the *Recantation Sermon's* done,  
 This *Penitential Anthem* may be sung.

But yet one thing ere I begin, I crave  
 A benefit, which Poets use to have,  
 That now and then, to make my Rhimes agree,  
 What ends in *Lis*, may be pronounced *LEE*.

*The Second Part.*

Or, the

*Changling in the Pulpit.*

*To the same Tune.*

Attend good People, lay by scoffs and scorns,  
 Let *Round heads* all this day pull in their  
*Horns*,  
 Let *Conformists* and brave *Cavaliers*  
 To my doleful Tone prick up their Ears.

Take

Take from thy neck this *Robe*, a *Rope's* more fit,  
 And turn this *Surplice* to a *Penance-sheet*,  
 This Pulpit is too good to act my part,  
 More fit to preach at *Tyburn* in a Cart:

There I deserv'd t'have taken my degree,  
 And Doctor *Dun* should have presented me;  
 There with an *Hempen Hood* I should be sped,  
 And his *three corner'd Cap* should crown my head.

Here I am come to hold up guilty hand,  
 And of the *Beast* to give my self the brand;  
 Here by confessing I have been i'th wrong,  
 I come to bore my self through my own tongue.

In Learning my poor Parents brought up me,  
 And sent me to the Univerſitie;  
 There I soon found *bowing* the way to rise:  
 And th'only *Logick* was the *Falaciis*.

Instead of *Aristotles Organon*,  
 Anthems and Organs I did study on;  
 If I could play on them, I soon did find,  
 I rightly had Preferment in the wind.

I follow'd th' hot ſcent without controul,  
 I bow'd my body, and I ſung *Fa Sol*;  
 I cozen'd Doctor *Conzens*, and ere long  
 A Fellowship obain'd for a Song.

Then by degrees I climb'd until I got  
 Good Friends, good Cloaks, good Commons, and  
 what not?  
 I got so long, until at length I got  
 A *Wench with Child*, and then I got a blot.

Before the *consistory* I was try'd,  
 Where like a Villain I both swore and ly'd,  
 And from the *Whore* I made I was made free,  
 By purging of my self *Incont'nent-LEE*.

But as I scorn'd to Father mine own Brat,  
 'Twas done to me as I had done with That;  
 The Doctors all, when Doctor I would be,  
 As a *base son*, refus'd to Father me.

With much ado, at length by art and cunning,  
 My Tears and Vows prevail'd with *Peter Gunning*,  
 Me to adopt; and for his love and care,  
 I will devote my self to *Peters Chair*.

*cambridge* I left with grief and great disgrace.  
 To seek my fortune in some other place;  
 And that I might the better save my stake,  
 I took an Order, and did Orders take.

Amongst *Conformists* I my self did list,  
 A *Son o' th church* as good as ever pist.  
 But though I bow'd, and cring'd, and crost and all,  
 I only got a Vicarage very small,

Ere I was warm (and warm I ne're had bin  
 In such a *starved hole* as I was in)  
 A *Fire* upon the Church and Kingdom came,  
 Which I straight helpt to blow into a *flame*.

### *The Third Part.*

**M**Y Conscience first, like *Balaam's Ass*, was  
 shy,  
 Bogled and winc'd; which when I did espy,  
 I cudgeld her, and spur'd her on each side,  
 Until the Jade her paces all could ride.

When first I mounted on her tender back,  
 She would not leave the *Protestants dull Rack*,  
 Till in her mouth the *Covenant Bit* I got,  
 And made her learn the *Presbyterian Trot*.

'Twas an hard Trot, and fretted her (alas)  
 The *Independant Amble* easier was,  
 I taught her that, and out of that to fall  
 To the *Tantivy* of *Prelatical*.

I rode her once to *Rumford* with a pack.  
 Of Arguments for th' *Covenant* on her back.  
 That Journey she perform'd at such a rate,  
 Th' Committee gave me a rich *piece of Plate*.



From *Hasfield* to *St. Albans* I did ride,  
 The Army call'd for me to be their *Guide* ;  
 There I so spur'd her, that I made her fling,  
 Not onely dirt, but blood upon my King.

When *Cromwell* turn'd his Masters out by force,  
 I made the Beast draw like a *Brewers horse* ;  
 Under the *Rump* I made her wear a *crooper*,  
 And under *Lambert* she became a *Trooper*.

When Noble *Monk* the KING did home conveigh,  
 She ( like *Darius Steed* ) began to neigh.  
 I taught her since to *Organ Pipes* to prance,  
 As *Banks* his Horse could to a *Fiddls* dance.

Now with a *Snaffle*, or a *twined thread*,  
 To any Government she'l turn her head :  
 I have so broke her, she doth never start,  
 And that's the meaning of my broken heart.

I have found out a cunning way vvith ease,  
 To make her cast her Coat when ere I please ;  
 And if at *Rack* and *Manger* she may be,  
 Her *Colts-tooth* she will keep most wanton *LEE*.

I'll change as often as the *Man* i'th *Moon* ;  
 ( His frequent *Changing* makes him rise so soon )  
 To eat church *Plum-broth* ere it all be gone,  
 He have the *Devils-spoon* but I'll have One.

For many years my Tongue did *lick the Rump*;  
 But when I saw a KING was turn'd up *Trump*,  
 I did resolve still in my hand to have  
 One *winning Card*, although 'twere but a *Knave*.

If the *Great Turk* to *England* come, I can  
 Make *Gospel* truckle to the *Alchoran*;  
 And if their *Turkish Sabbaths* should take place,  
 I have in readiness my *Friday face*.

If lockt in iron Chest (as we are told)  
 A *Load stone* their great *Mahomet* can hold:  
 The *Load stone* of *Preferment* (I presage)  
 To *Mahomet* may draw this *Iron Age*.

The *Congregation* way best pleas'd my mind;  
 There were more *Shees*, and the most free and kind:  
 By *Chamber Practice* I did better thrive,  
 Than all my *Livings*, though I *skimmed five*.

Mine Eyes are open now my Sins to see,  
 With tears I cry, *Good People* pardon me;  
 My *Reverend Fathers* pardon I do crave,  
 And hope my *Mothers Blessing* yet to have.

My *Cambridge* sins, my *Bugden* sins are vile,  
 My *Essex* sins, my sins in *Fly Isle*,  
 My *Leicester* sins, my *Hatfield* sins are man,  
 But my *St. Albans* sins more red than any.

To *CHARLES the First* I was a bloody foe,  
 with I do not serve the *Second* so:  
 The only way to make me leave that trick,  
 Is to bestow on me a *Bishoprick*.

This is St. *Andrews* Eve, and for his sake  
 A *Bishoprick* in *Scotland* I could take;  
 And though a *Metropolitan* there be,  
 I'd be as *Sharp*, and full as *Arch* as he.

Now may this *Sermon* never be forgot,  
 Let others call't a *Sermon*, I a *Plot*,  
 A *Plot* that takes if it believed be:  
 If not I shall repent *Unfained-LEE*.

I must desire the *crack-fart* of the Nation,  
 With *rev'rence* to let fly this *Recantation*;  
 Our Names ty'd tail to tail, make a *sweet* change,  
 Mine only is *Strange-Lee*, and his *Le-Strange*.



THE  
PORING DOCTOR,  
OR

*The Gross mistake of a Reverend Son of the  
Church, in bowing at the Name of Judas at  
St. Pauls, November 5. 1663.*

**T**He *Papists*; God wot  
Made a notable *Plot*  
Against the Church and the State;  
Which some with good reason,  
Call *Gun powder-Treason*,  
Discover'd ere 'twas too late.

Those who before,  
Had weltr'd in gore  
Of *Protestant Martyrs* slain;  
Resolv'd with one breath,  
Of Hell beneath,  
To blow up all by a *Train*.

The *Bishops*, good men,  
 Were in jeopardy then,  
 The *Lords*, the *Commons*, the *King*;  
*Religion*, and *Laws*,  
 For the *Catholick Cause*  
 To be made a *Burnt Offering*.

Thus swell'd with dispirit,  
 To raile darkness and night,  
 Heav'n caused the brood to miscarry;  
 That day big with *Thunder*,  
 Held forth Mercies wonder,  
 And therefore kept *Anniversary*.

You the present *Lord Mayor*,  
 And *Brethren* repair,  
 With the several *Corporations*,  
 To *Pauls Church* to pray,  
 And solemnize the *Day*  
 That so seasonably saved *Three Nations*.

But good *Doctor* —  
 When he came before ye  
 The Sacred Gospel to read,  
 At *Judas* his name,  
 ( O horrible shame! )  
 He bowed his Reverend head.

Some say that his *fight*  
 ( Poor man ) is not right,  
 I wish that it be no worse ;  
 But others think *he*,  
 To *Judas* bow'd th' *knee*,  
 - For love he bears to the *Purse*.

His *worship* made doubt,  
 Where the battle was fought,  
 When *Michael* did prevail ;  
 But to me it is clear,  
 For an *hundred a year*  
 He'l bow to the *Dragons Tail*.

*Twelve Spiritual Promotions*,  
 A head full of *Notions*,  
 With stomach more sharp than a *Scythe*,  
 Some of *Bishopsgate* there  
 Perhaps did appear,  
 Whose *Cloaths* were *pawnd* for his *Tytche*.

These things set before,  
 And some small reasons more,  
 His slender wit had overthrown,  
 Nor can he tell how,  
 To read, *cring* or *bow*,  
 By any one's Book but his own.

What then shall we say,  
 Can he *Preach*, can he *Pray*,  
 Or put to *rebuke* the *Gainsayer*,  
 Who in reading the Word.  
 Discerns not our *Lord*  
 From him that was his *betray*er ?

Sure this *doting Fool*,  
 Must once more to School  
 Before his return to the *Altar*.  
 Such another *mistake*,  
 May possibly make  
 His *Neck* to deserve a Silk *H*——

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THE  
FAIR QUARREL,

By way of Letter,

Between Mr. *Wanley*, a Son of the  
Church; and Dr. *Wilde*, a  
*Non-conformist*.

Published in the Year, 1666.



L O N D O N,

Re-printed in the Year, 1670.

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF

CHARLES THE FIRST

BY

JOHN BURNET

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

IN TWO VOLUMES

THE SECOND VOLUME

CONTAINING

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF

CHARLES THE FIRST

BY

JOHN BURNET

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

IN TWO VOLUMES

THE SECOND VOLUME

CONTAINING

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF

CHARLES THE FIRST

BY

JOHN BURNET

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD



2

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*Mr. Nathan Wanley to Dr. Wild, who was  
laid aside for Non-conformity.*

SO the bright Taper useles burns  
To private and recluded Urns.  
So Pearls themselves to shells confine,  
And Gems in the Seas bottom shine,  
As thou, my *WILD*, while thou dost lye  
Huddled up in thy privacy,  
And only now and then dost send  
A Letter to a private Friend;  
Take once again thy Lyre, and so  
Let thy selected Numbers flow,  
As when thy solemn Muse did prove  
To sing the Funeral of *Love*;  
Or, as when with the Trump of fame  
Thou didst sound forth great *George's* name,  
In such a strain, as might it be,  
Did speak thy self as great as he.  
For while great *Cowley* seeks the shade,  
And *Danham's* noble Wit's mislaid;  
When *Davensant's* weary Quill lies by,  
And yields no more of *Lumbarde*;

While

While the sweet Virgin *Muses* be  
 By *wild* led in't a Nunnerie;  
 While thus *Apollo's* Priests retire,  
 The Females do begin t'aspire,  
 Pretending they have found a flaw  
 In great *Apollo's* Salique Law;  
 These grasp at Lawrel, only due  
 To such as I have nam'd, and you.

*Dr. Wild to the Ingenious  
 Mr. Wanley.*

**W**Hat jolly Shepherds voice is this  
 Would tempt me from my private bliss,  
 After his Pipe to dance, while Thunder  
 Threatens to rend that Oak in sunder,  
 Under whose bows in fairer days  
 We sat secure and sang the Praise  
 Of our great *Pan*, whose care did keep  
 The pleasant Shepherds and their Sheep?  
 Is this a time with wanton strains  
 To whistle forth the Nymphs and Swains  
 To sport and dance, while Wolf and Fox  
 Eye lurking to devour our Flocks,  
 And *Romes* Sheep-stealers ready stand  
 To give them their red letters band?  
 Dost thou not know, my sanguine Son,  
 What th' *Plague* and *Fire* have lately done?

*London*

London hath sent up such a smock,  
 As may the Angels voices choak,  
 And make tears big enough, to vent  
 Tears in a deluge, to lament  
 The *raging fury* of that *Flame*,  
 But more of those that *made* the same.  
 And when *St. Paul* has lost his *Quire*,  
 'Twere Sacrilege to touch my *Lyre*.  
 None but a monster *Nero* may  
 Over a burning *city* play.  
 Nor would I sing, were I a *Jew*,  
 To please a *Babylonish Crew*.  
 Now since the time for sorrow cries,  
 In this I freely temporize.  
 So the bright Stars draw in their light,  
 When Clouds club for an ugly night.  
 So all the Birds of musick sleep  
 On stormy days, and Silence keep.  
 So Frost-nipt *Roses* droop and fall,  
 Perfuming their own Funeral.  
 So you have seen a well-tun'd *Lyre*  
 Swelling it self with grief and ire,  
 In gloomy air, each heart-broke string  
 Its own passing-bell doth ring.  
 So when *Bellona's* Trumpet sounds,  
 Our *softer Muses* Musick drowns.  
 Sir, by my many *sots* you know  
 My Poetry is but *so so*.  
 But why dost thou disdain or fear,  
 That *Female* brows should *Lawrel* wear?

Hast

Hast thou forgot that Noble Tree  
 It self was made out of a *she*?  
 The Muses and the Graces all  
 We of the *Female Gender* call;  
 And so if you have not more care  
 You'll find the *Furies* likewise are.

Nor would I have you wonder why  
 Our Poets *all* *amort* do lye,  
 When *Claret* and *Canary* cease,  
 The Wits will quickly hold their peace;  
*Vintners* and *Poets* fall together,  
 If once the *Ivy-Garland* wither

Sweet *Cowley* thought (as well he might)  
 He should have shin'd in *Phœbus* sight;  
 But Clouds appear'd, and he that made  
 Account of *Juno*, found a shade;  
 And though on *David's Harp* he plaid,  
 The *evil Spirit* can't be laid:  
 Therefore the Groves and Shades he loves,  
 And his own Secretary proves.

Your next mans temples Lawrel scorns;  
 Since greater pride his brow adorns.  
 He to *Parnass* bears no good will,  
 Because it proves a *horned bill*.  
 The very thoughts whereof I dread  
 Will ne'er be got out of his head.

*Gondiberi's* silent I suppose,  
 Because his Muse sings *through the Nose*  
 One syllable of which poor he  
 Did lose by an *Apocope*.

*Wild* says, kind *Wanley* you'r to blame  
 Amongst these *Swans* his *Goose* to name;  
 Yea though his lucky *gawling yaul*  
 Once helpt to save one *Capital*;  
 His *love* to *Love* then made him fear  
 His *neck*, not *brow*, a wreath should wear.  
 Next he did on a Loyal string  
 His *Georgicks* and his *Carols* sing;  
 But now because he cannot toot  
 To *Organ tunes*, he's made a *mute*;  
 And though alive; condemn'd to death:  
 Therefore, *dear Sir*, in vain your breath,  
 Although perfum'd and hot does come,  
 To blow wind in a *dead mans bumb*;  
 Yet as a grateful Legacy.  
 He leaves to thee his *Nunnery*,  
 Not doubting but if need require  
 Thou'lt prove an *able loving Fryer*.

---

## 2. Mr. Wanley to Dr. Wild.

**W**Hat sullen wary Shepherds voice is this,  
That won't be tempted from his private  
bliss,

But arbor'd up in *Eglantine*, while Thunder  
Threatens to rend and rive that *Oak* in sunder,  
Under whose boughs himself in fairer days  
Did sit secure with us, and sang the praise  
Of that *great Pan*, whose watchful care did keep  
At once the pleasant Shepherds to retreat,  
And seek out *Coverts* from the *scorching heat* ?  
Is this a time for an *inglorious sloth*  
To hug it self, not daring to peep forth  
Into the open field, while *th' crafty Fox*  
Lurks in the bushes to devour our *Flocks*,  
And *wolves* of *Romulus* are grown so bold,  
To fright the silly Sheep ev'n in their Fold ?  
Dost thou not know what *crops* the *Plagus* has  
made,

And, *Sampson*-like, *heaps upon heaps* has laid ?  
That if Heav'n's wrathful Anger thus proceed,  
There will no Flocks be left for thee to feed.  
*London* has sent up such a darkning smoak,  
And shall it too the Angels voices choak ?  
Shall it make Clouds so thick and dark, that we  
Shall never more the publick Censers see ?



'Tis Sacrilege to rob the Church and thence  
 Since you have stole your self, what's your offence ?  
 When the *white Harvest* for *more Reapers* cries  
 How canst thou freely sit and *temporize* ?  
 So Stars reserve themselves for pitchy night,  
 When *Phœbus* pouders all his locks with light.  
 So *feral* Birds delight to sit alone,  
 Till the Days glories are packt up and gone.  
 So Roses fall in *June* when frosts are past,  
 And on dull earth lye blushing out their last,  
 So the Musitian smothers his *Sol fa*,  
 When he's entreated for to sing or play.  
 So when the fierce *Bellona's* Drums do beat,  
 Who has no mind to fight, seeks his retreat.  
 And so I've seen a long miswonted Lyre  
 Sigh its own Dirge with its own broken wire.  
 And seems to shiv'r at th' downfal of *Pauls*

*Quire :*

Say we not well, Agues will have their course ?  
 Yes, yes, they must remember with remorse  
 The *Ivy Garland's* withering, dearth of Liquer,  
 That would make *Caput Mortuum* the quicker.  
 But why shouldest thou, kind soul, be in such fear,  
 That plump *Lycens* should grow lean this year ?  
 Hast thou forgot how fatal the Grape-stone,  
 Did whilon prove to poor *Anacreon* ?  
 Which of the *Mus's* or the *Grac's* all,  
 Did ere for *Claret* or *Canary* call ?

It is not sung by the *Venetian Swain*,  
 How the brisk Wine gives *Horns* to the poor Man?  
 And if you have no greater care, no doubt  
 You'll find the *Claret* will revive your *Gout*,  
 And then we shall hear thy *Goose* gagling yaul  
 Cry out for help to save thy *Pedestal*;  
 Then we shall see thee, standing on one foot,  
 Practise worse tunes than *Organs* ever toot.  
 This is a vain preface; thou saist, the Dead  
 Have out-liv'd this, and have no *Gout* to dread.  
 But art thou dead indeed? Though dead thou art,  
 Hark how the *dead mans bum* does let a *Fart*.  
 When as my bashful Muse did to thee come,  
 'Twas not so kindly done to turn thy *bum*;  
 To vote her of the *Babylonish Crew*;  
 And set the *Furies* on her with *ba loo*.  
 This 'tis to gad abroad; 'tis just upon her;  
 Had *Diana* kept at home, she'd sav'd her *Honor*.  
 But I'me *thy Son*, and must corrected be;  
 But why then dost thou turn thy *bum* to me?  
 Dost think thy Son so *sanguine* and *insane*,  
 To probe thee with a *Fistula* in *Ano*.  
 This I should leave to any of the crew,  
 You may believe me though I were a *few*.  
 And may my breath be still perfum'd, why not?  
 Since dead Corps smell when they begin to rot.

And he whose Mule such wondrous heights did fly,  
 That it did seem to top the very Sky;  
 And though he may have reason to be proud,  
 Instead of *Juno* did imbrace a Cloud;  
 May he resume King *Dauids Harp* and play  
 The *Tarantul* of discontent away.

If *Denhams* has so foully been betray'd,  
 And his *Inclosure* 'gainst his will survey'd:  
 May he recover all his Wits and more,  
 And with such keen *Jambicks* brand the *Whore*,  
 That all may dread it worse than loss of life,  
 To turn a Poet *frantick* for his *wife*.

Poor *Davenants Nose* it seems is grown so sore,  
 It scarcely will abide one smart Jest more.  
 Well may the *bridge* be down, when rime doth meet  
 To press it with his *Satyr* cloven feet.  
 And thou with thy *Apocopes* art wont  
 To scatter balls of thy *wild fire* upon't.  
 But shall I not, *kind Wild*, remember thee,  
 Who hast bequeath'd me such a *Legacy*?  
 'Tis thine for life, we know thy subtile head;  
*Wills* have no force till the *Testators* dead;  
 And that none can ought have by thy bequest  
 Till thou art better dead than in a Jest:  
 Nor would I that in tenderness to me  
 Thou shouldst suspect thine own sufficiency;

Enjoy it freely, since thou hast it wed,  
 'Tis incest to ascend the Fathers bed.  
 What though thou ownst me for th' *sanguine Child*,  
 Yet I have not so much my *Sister* of wild.  
 And thus far is thy *Fry'r* able to see  
 His *Covenant*'s better than thy *Nunnery*.  
 He's *loving* too, 'tis true, he nothing gives,  
 As thou, at his decease, but while he lives  
*Ten Silver Crowns* let each of them send thee,  
 And be so paid for all in *verse* as he.  
 All these *good wishes*, such as he can spare,  
 And if thou hast them, will help mend thy fare.  
 May every Knight about us that's inclin'd,  
 Be unto thee, as Sir *John Baber*, kind.  
*Ten Silver Crowns* let each of them send thee,  
 And be so paid for all in *Verse* as he.  
 May the *poor Scholar* nere want *Sunday pudden*,  
 When he's not like to *preach* for't on the sudden.  
 May thy afflicted *Toe* nere feel the *Gout*,  
 Or if it must, let the *Dutch* have a *Rout*;  
 That thou mayest yet (at last) once more protest  
 That *Recipe* wants no *Probatum est*.  
 Mayest thou next send me what is worth thy Pen;  
 May I have brains to answer it agen,  
 May all that are of such *good wishes* sullen,  
 Live till their good Friends bury them in *woollen*.



Dr. Wild to Mr. Wanley.

**H**onestly done however, though the Stuff  
 You sent be *course* the measure's *large enough*.  
 The first Cup thou beganst I could not pass,  
 The Wine was brisk, and in a little glass:  
 But now to pledg thee I am not inclin'd,  
 You *sons o' th' church* are for *large draughts* I find.  
 Prithee leaf off, for thou hast been so free  
 In sending such a *brimmer* unto me,  
 That Sunday last, long of that frolick bout,  
 Thy Parish had but *half a glass* I doubt.  
 Besides the Drink is *small*, you've chang'd your gill  
 I wish you'd kept it in your *hogs-head* still.  
 Yet, upon better thoughts, *small drink* is fit  
 To cool the stomach; though not help the wit;  
 And that might be thy case: for certainly  
 Those *salt-bits* I had sent thee *made thee dry*,  
 Or *sick*, which made thee drink *small drink*, and  
 strain  
 To cast them undigested up again.

Twelve lines return'd the very same, that I  
 Must call the *Hic up*, rather than *Reply*;

Or, by rebounding of my words, I dread  
 There is some *Eccho* in thine *empty* head;  
 Or rather thou my *Cockril* art, and so,  
 The young one learneth of the old to crow.  
 Nay my brave Bird, thou darest spur and peck,  
 I wish that *Shrovetide* hazard not thy neck :  
 Now prethee *Chick* beware, for thou I find  
 That thou art *right* and of the *fighting* kind,  
 Yet thou art not my *Match*, and soon wilt feel  
 My Gout lies in my *Toe*, not in my *Heel*.  
 Take this advice before you mean to fight,  
 Get your *Comb* cut, and leave your *treading* quite,  
 Thy *Barber*, or his *Wife*, if he should fail,  
 His skill to *clip thy wings*, and *trim thy tail* ;  
 And thereby hangs another tail, I find  
 Thy *subtile nose* hath got my *breech's* wind.  
 If thou canst catch *poor farts* that Prison break,  
 A notable *Bumbayliff* thou wilt make.  
 Hark, hark, saist thou, *he let a fart* ! what thought ?  
 It breaths forth *no Sedition*, Sir, I trow  
 No is there any Statute of our Nation  
 That sayes, *in five miles* of a *Corporation*  
 If any *Ousted-man* a fart should vent,  
 That you should apprehend the *Innocent*.  
 If you so soon could smell the *Powder-Plot*,  
 What had you said if I had *bullets* shot ?  
 Fye Man ! our *mouthe* were stopped long ago,  
 And would you have us silent too *below* ?

But

But I displaid *my bum* before *thine eyes*  
*unkindly* thou saist, I say otherwise;  
 for there thou mightest have thy *resemblance* took,  
 Dead mens blind cheeks do very *wantly* look.  
 And for the *crack* it gave, that did but mind  
 thee,

to strive to leave a *good report* behind thee.  
 And for the *gall* which in your Ink appears,  
 that *on our sufferings we are Volunteers*;  
 He not say much, I have more wit than so,  
 'Tis *scurvy jesting with edge tools* I know:  
 But Sir, 'tis cruelty in you, to *whip*  
 your *Brothers back* which you did *help to strip*.  
 Yet thus your Grandfire *Levi* did before,  
 Who *kill'd those*, whom his *Cov'nant* had made  
*fore*.

And you know who they were that gave the blow  
 And then cry'd *Prophecie* who *smote thee so*?

We durst not keep our Livings for our Lives,  
 But *they must needs go whom the Devil drives*.  
 Yea *but we left our Harvest, left our Sheep*,  
 And *would not work in one, nor th'other keep*.

I answer. No great Harvest yet appears.  
 Me sure your Churches hang but *thin* with ears.  
 And though the *Foxes* breed, what need you care,  
 When as your Shepherds such *Fox catchers* are:

For pardon, Sir, my serious soul now cries,  
 Your knocking me did make this froth to rise.  
*Once* for my Age, Profession and Degree,  
 To fool thus is enough, and *Twice* for thee.  
 Thus great Estates, b' imprudent Owners may,  
 When stak'd at Ticktack, soon be plaid away.  
 Lets wind this folly up in this last sheet,  
 And *friendly part*, as we did *friendly meet*.  
 Yet, to requite thy *Legacy* to me,  
 Accept this *Litany* I send to thee.

*May thy rich Parts with saving Grace be joynd,  
 As Diamonds in Rings of Gold enshrin'd,  
 May He that made the Stars, create a sphere  
 Of Heavenly frame of life, and fix them here,  
 May that blest Life credit Conformitie,  
 And make ev'n Puritans to honor thee.  
 Maist thou to Christ such store of Converts bring,  
 That he whose place thou fil'st for joy may sing.  
 May God love you, and you love God again;  
 And may these Prayers of mine not be in vain.*



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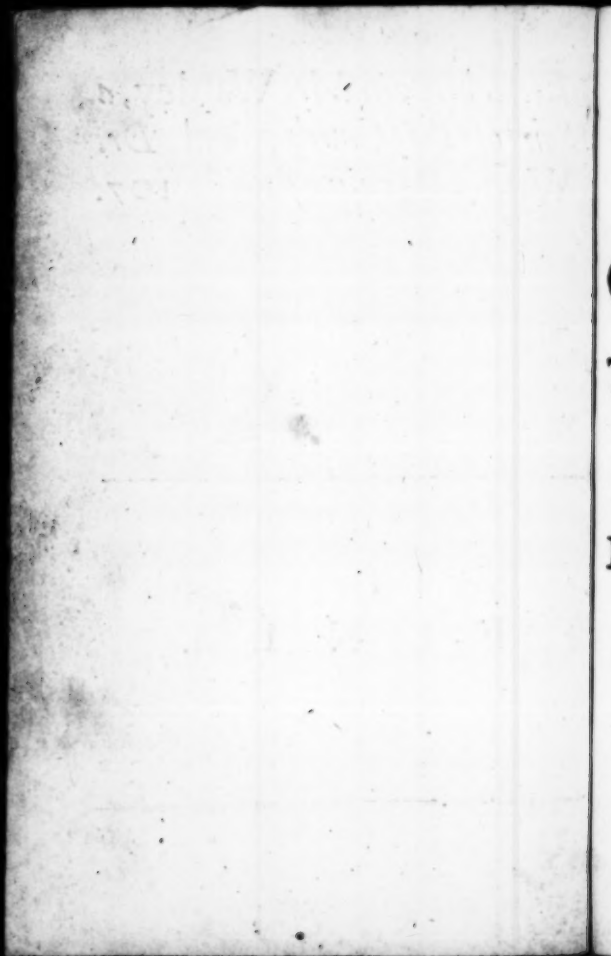
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F I N I S.

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UPON THE  
REBUILDING  
THE

C I T Y,

The Right Honourable  
the Lord Mayor,

AND THE

Noble Company of Bat-  
chelors Dining with  
Him, May 5<sup>th</sup>. 1669.

Printed in the Year, 1670.

UPON THE

REBUILDING

THE

CITY

The Right Honourable  
the Lord Mayor

AND THE

Noble Company of Bar-  
chers, Dining with  
him, May 20, 1669.

Printed in the Year 1670.



N Or could *Prometheus*, when he would have  
From jealous *Jupiter* a living cole (stole  
To animate his well dissembled clay,  
Either prevail, or go unplagu'd away.

Nor when proud Nature to recruit the earth  
And brave Heaven, brought forth *Giants* at each birth,  
(Those stalking *Mountains*, sons of slime and mud  
The Reliques of the universal Floud)  
Setting them all to work, as soon as born  
Then when their *Hignesses*, did not think scorn  
To tread the *Mortar*, and were *Masons* made  
And *Bricklayers* — the only thriving Trade,  
Though they design'd, with high and pointed Towers  
To pierce & stab those clouds, whose mighty showers  
Had drown'd their Fathers, and to climb so high,  
Till they pickt Stars (like Cowslips) from the Sky,  
Could they prevent their foolish *Babels* fall,  
But were turn'd *canting, wandring Gypsies* all.

Nor shalt thou better speed (proud *Rome*) not thou  
Though thou hast carried Empire on thy brow,  
And with thy *Canons* made all Monarchs quake  
As thunder doth the trembling *Mountains* shake:  
No, though thy head, hy lofty head thou raise  
To try thy horned strength with *Cynthia's*.  
No, though thy Father be the Prince of th' Air  
And with thee doth his vast Dominion share;  
No, though thy Eagles wings thou stretch as wide  
As *Sol* his beams, or *Neptune* doth his Tyde;  
No, though thy greedy cruel breed be nurs'd  
With the same milk thy Founder suckt at first,  
And though thy zeal (Ah, cursed zeal!) aspire  
To raise thy *Pope*, great *Pyramids* of fire,

From burnt Cities; yet thy self (proud Dame)  
Who burnt with *Sodom's* lust, shalt with her flame.  
Where are thy *Fauxes* in their dark disguise,  
Incendiary Priests, and subtil spies;  
Who when our *London's* fiery tryal came,  
Like *Salamanders* feasted in the flame,  
And curst the Hands that first should lay a Brick  
Tow'rs the rebuilding that grand *Heretick*;  
Who when great *Greshams* spicy nest consum'd  
(Though the immortal founder stood perfum'd  
In the rich incense) hug'd themselves to see  
Our Monarchs martyr'd in *Effigie*.  
Now let them stare and startle at the sight,  
And bark at Curs do at the Moots fair light:  
Let them not boast their *Charles la grand, la Boon*  
*Great Britain* can outshine them both in *One*,  
A Prince of far more gracious intents  
Than all thy *Urban's, Clements, Innocents*,  
Upon whose head shall stand a *Triple Crown*,  
When thy grand Tyrants shall be tumbled down.  
Still on our *T. ames* shall noble Barges ride,  
When *Tyber* to a Ditch shall shrink her pride.  
Our *Lions* still are *Rampant*, and our *Rose*  
Yields her friends sweetness, prickles to our foes:  
Our Citizens shall feast in their *Guild-hall*,  
And eat *Grease* — Parsons of thy capital.  
Justice and Mercy now shall guard her store,  
And her *black Giants* she shall need no more,  
Th' *Exchange* that Royal Infant, shortly will  
Her own and foreign Language speak with skill;  
And on that *Acres* the Noon shall see  
All his long Travels in Epitomie.

We have our *Newgate* and old *Tyburn* too,  
Ready to serve their *Turns* who turn to you."

Kind heav'n and all the Elements conspire }  
(And such conspiracy's we may desire) }  
To make our *City* fairer, stronger, higher,  
The Sun gets up each morn at peep of day  
To oversee the Work, and late doth stay  
Before he lets the Laborers retreat,  
As if he undertook the work by th' *Great*.  
The earth gives clay, the water moistens it;  
The gentle Air tempers and makes it fit,  
And ben the fire, as if it meant to make  
Full satisfaction, and revenges take  
Upon it self, (though in a smother'd way  
As modest Thieves their injuries repay)  
Works in the *Brick-kilne*, works till it grow sick,  
And fainting dyes, leaving on every *Brick*  
And every *Tyle* a lasting *blush* — as who  
Would say, for former *Mischiefs* this I do.

Nor doth the Sun alone the Work o're see,  
But there is *One* as vigilant as he,  
A *Pious*, *Loyal*, *wise*, *just Mayor*, a Lord  
Who like *Zerubbabel* with awful sword  
Defends the *trowel*, whose sweet voice hath powers  
(As *Orpheus* had to raise his *Theban Towers*)  
To make the teeming bowels of the earth  
Shoot up new *buildings* by an easie *birth*.  
He guards the *Sabbaths* with an holy care,  
And blesteth all the week by that *days pray'r*;  
His *Magistracy* lies not in his Train,  
His stately Steed, his Scarlet, or his Chain;  
He, and his sword in Velvet tust asleep,

But watchful, God's peace and the Kings to keep;  
With a strict hand the Ballance he doth hold,  
Trying the *Cause* how weighty, not the Gold:  
As he with virtue meets or with offence,  
So do his looks, or smiles, or frowns dispence;  
His smotherer Chin carrying as grave a grace,  
As the *Diocesans* well bearded face.

Boast on (*old Beldame Rome*) and brag-- Thou hast  
Thousands of Sons and Daughters pure and chaste,  
Yet thou shalt find for all their single Lives,  
But little *Virgin Honey* in their *Hives*:  
Those thievish *Drones* thy *Fryars* without wings,  
Creep to thy *Nuns*, and leave behind their *stings*.  
Thou hast thy *Joan's* as well as *Popes*—Fame says,  
Thy *Innocents* have their *Olympia's*.

But *London* which the Nuptial Band allows,  
And hates to lock her Virgins up in *Vows*,  
Can glory in her *Bachelor Lord Mai'r*,  
Chast as the *Dove*, though of the *Ravens Hair*:  
The *Widow City* in his *Spouse* — and He  
Cares for her *Children* and great *Family*;  
Nor doth he stand (although he lies) alone  
(He were a *Phoenix* if he were but *One*)  
But as the *Moon*, when she her progress goes,  
The *Court of stars*, as her *Attendants* shows.  
So when *Beloved Turner* please to call,  
Great troops of *Bachelors* adorn his Hall;  
None *male content*, and yet *male Virgins* all) }  
On *Mai's* fifth day (Oh, 't was a wondrous sight!)  
Three hundred *Virgins*, *Virgins* day and night;  
*Virgins* in *Br. eches*, *Virgins* all as true.

As she for whom *Saint George* the *Dragon* slew;  
Some hoary old, some young, but all were chaste  
Either above, or underneath the wast;  
None of them had they been in *Scottish* School,  
Had granted in the *Penitential* stool;  
None, had they liv'd in times of *Commutation*,  
Had pay'd a stone to *Pauls* for *Fornication*.  
None from an *Ordeal* Tryal need to fly  
That *Purgatory* fire, of Chastity;  
None free of *(resuel colledge)*, not a Man  
Need fear to meet a *Nurse* or some *Trappan*;  
None of them all, (for ought the Poet knows)  
Wears (though anothers Hair) anothers Nose.  
My Lord himself, and all his Guests, I think  
In the same Cup, might without danger drink;  
Yet none (if called lawfully) but can  
Beget a Son, may prove an *Alderman*.

These Sons of peace, and Sons of *Mars*, if *charls*  
Please to take notice of his *Neighbors* snarls  
Came not to shew their Valour in his Hall,  
To combat *Custard*, batter *Pasty Wall*:  
To trye the Issue of an equal *Bet*,  
Whether their *Teeth*, or *Knives* were sharper set  
To take the *Red coat Lobsters* by the back  
And with bold hands, their clattering *Armour* crack  
But their chief errand was, to pray he would  
Command their persons, and accept their *Gold*.  
And if their Votes and mine were current, He  
Should their *Perpetual Dictator* be.  
But if the *scarlet Sphere* must turn about

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Yet his *Exemplar* Government shall stand,  
And teach Successors how they should command.  
A *Virgin Queen*, and *Bachelor Lord* *Major*,  
To *England*: as prosperous as rate,  
She made the *City* love the *Court*, and He  
The *Court* the *City* by his Loyalty.  
He a wise Imitator of his King,  
Finds Moderation is a healing thing.

Oh, if our *churches overseas* would yield  
And let poor *Laborers* come forth and build,  
Such as *untimpered Mortar* dare not use,  
Nor for *Foundations*, *Straw* and *Subble* chuse;  
Though every *stone across* they do not lay,  
But some work one, and some another way,  
Our *New Jerusalem* should soon behold  
*sion* in glory, though it wanted *Gold*.  
*Hard upon hard*, no lasting work will make,  
Nor can one *Flint* another kindly break:  
But Moderation is a *Cement* sure,  
'Tis that which makes the *universe* endure  
That makes our *Climate* prove a *Temperate Zone*  
Betwixt the *Torrid*, and the *Frigid* One.  
If we all build up *Pater-Noster-Row*,  
We may let *Au. Mary* corner go;  
*Black* and *white Fryars* did together stand,  
And may again, if *Wisdom* might command,  
If not, I'll say no more, but this will swear,  
*Bedlam* and *Bishopsgate* near Nighbors are.

F I N I S.

